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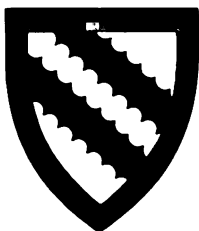
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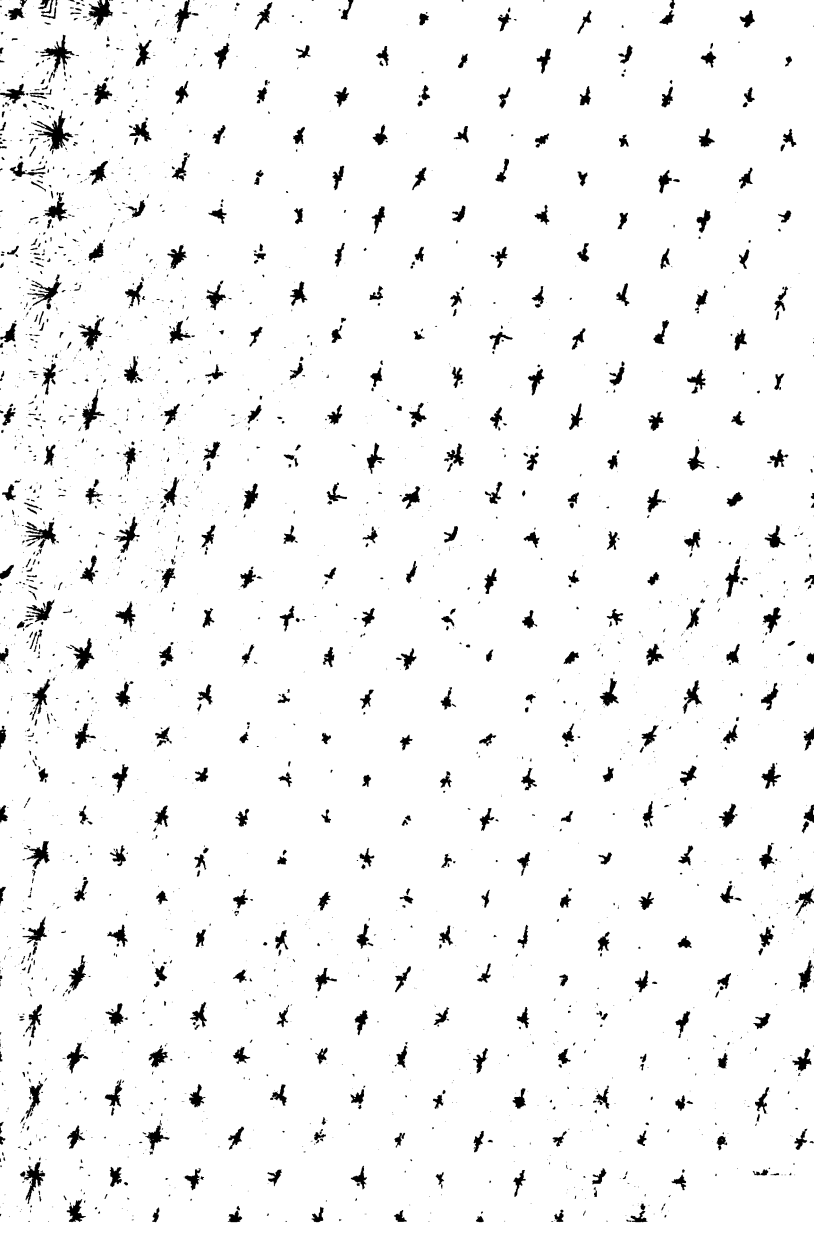
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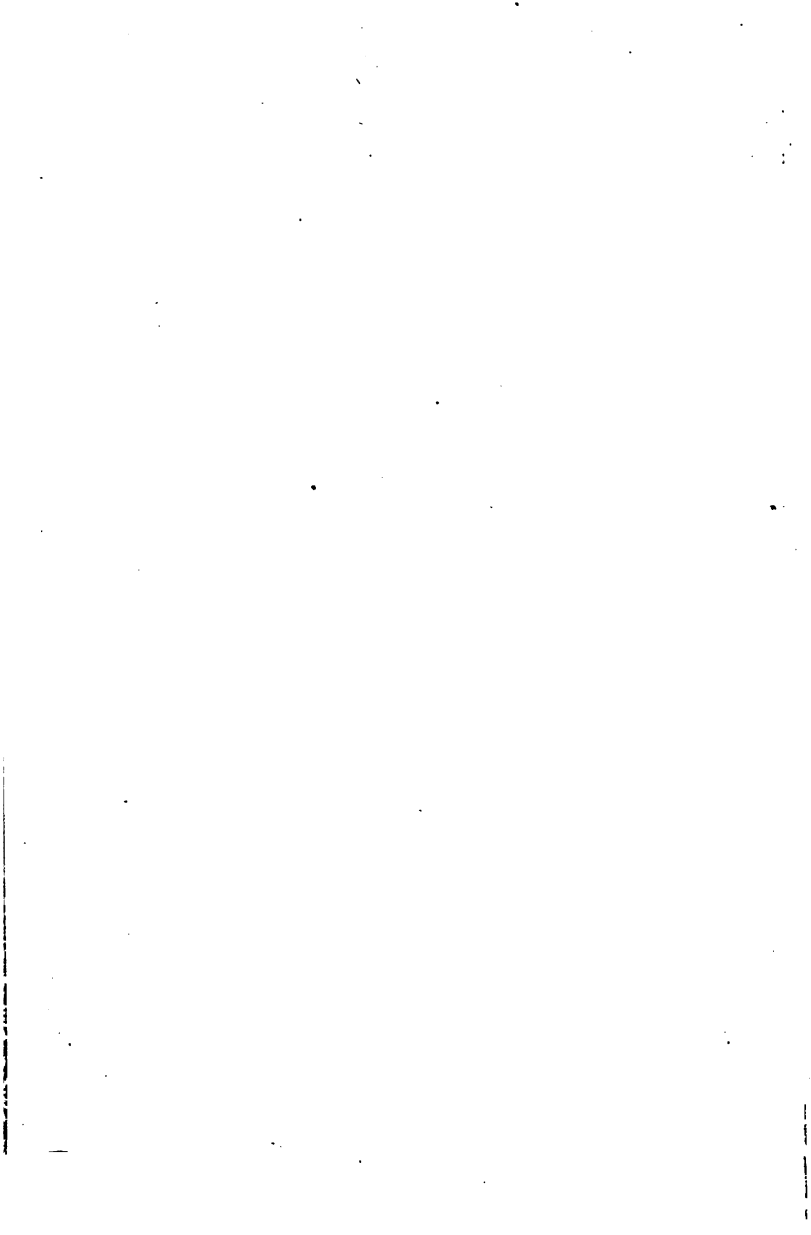
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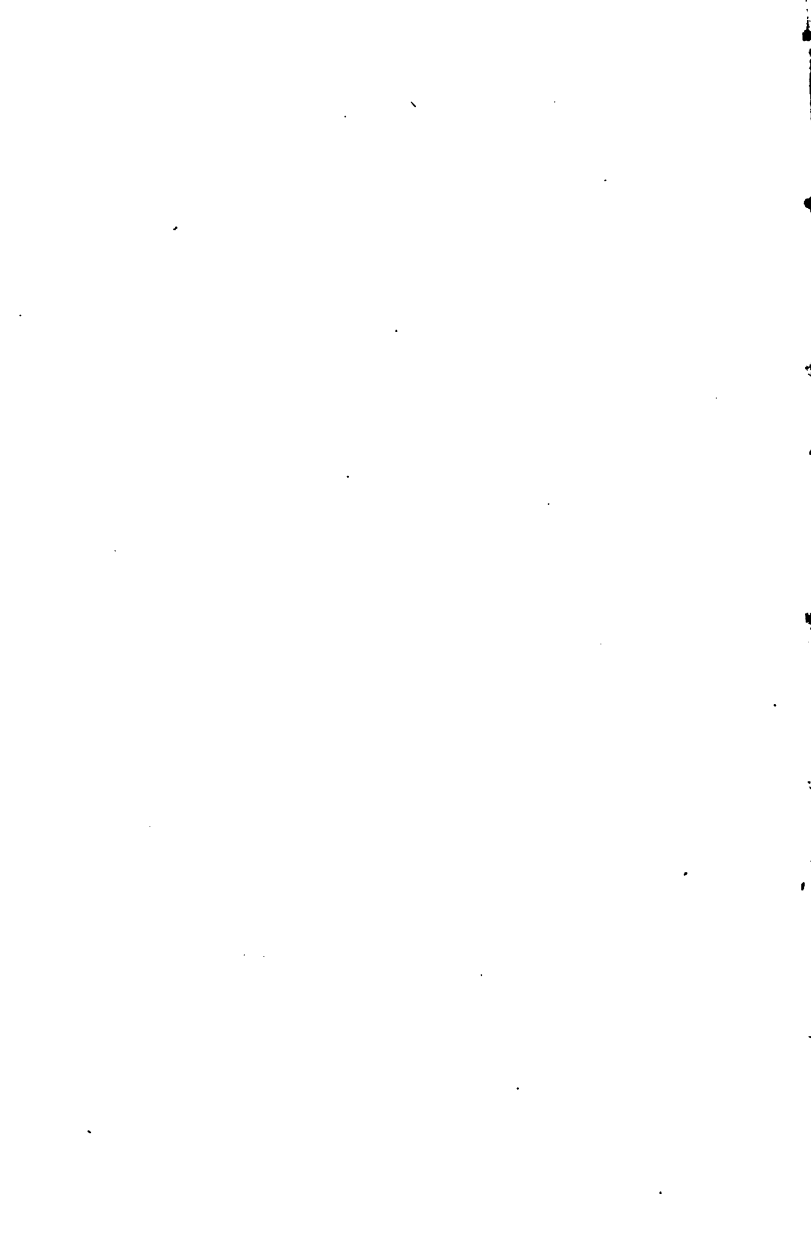


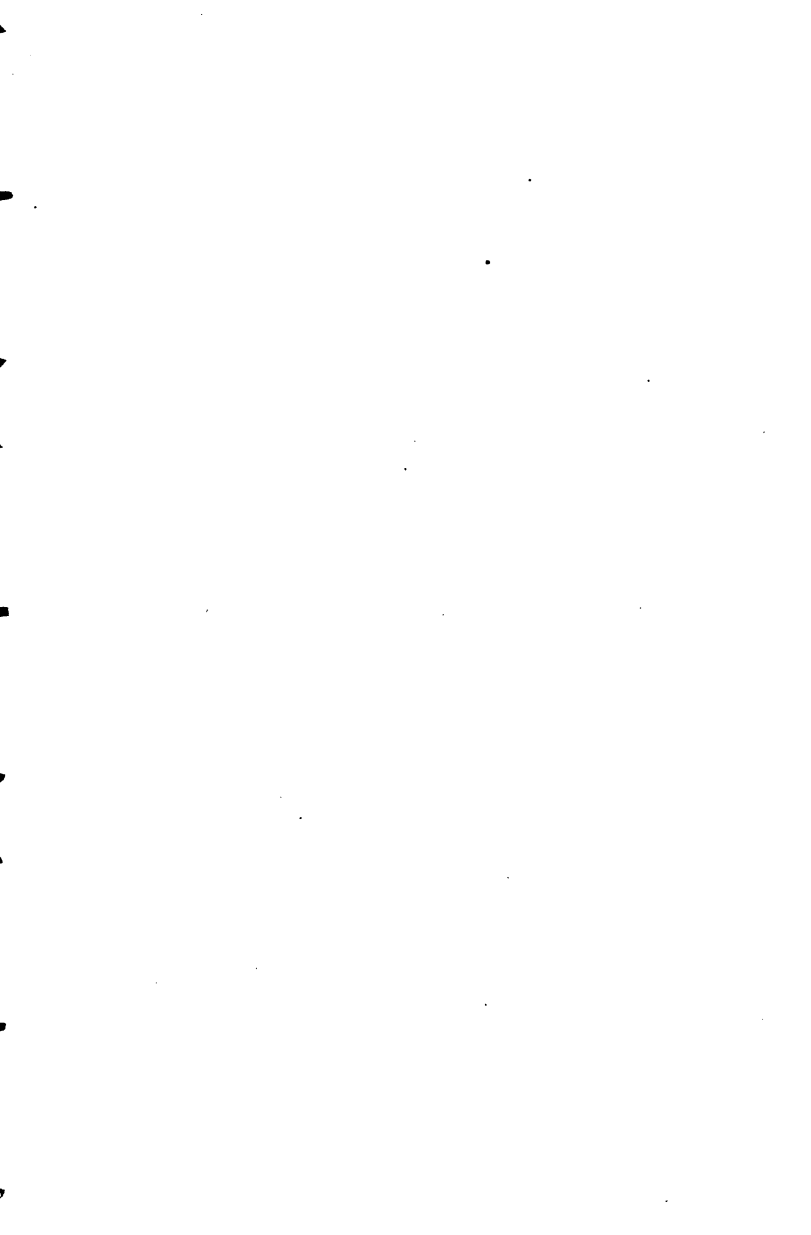
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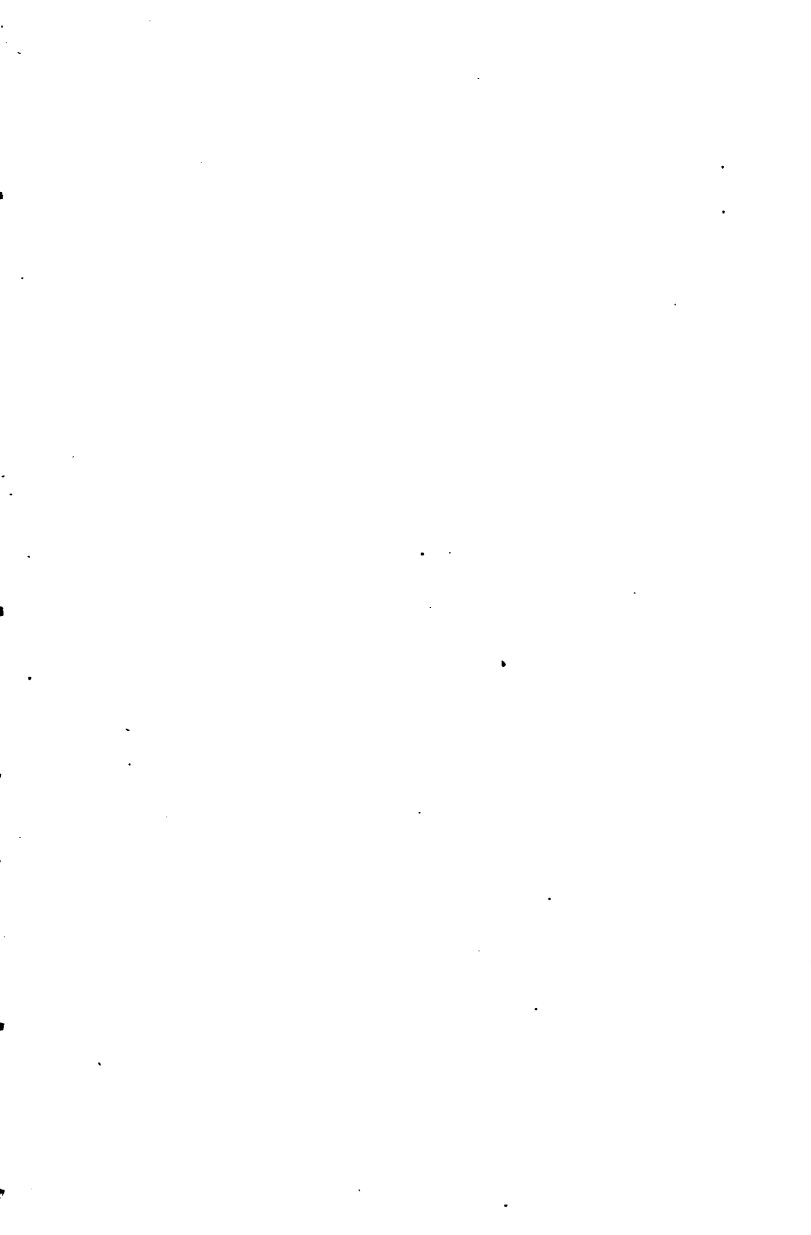




PATTY GRAY'S
JOURNEY TO THE COTTON ISLANDS.

1. *FROM BOSTON TO BALTIMORE.*
2. *FROM BALTIMORE TO WASHINGTON.*
3. *ON THE WAY; Or, PATTY AT MOUNT VERNON.*

(Others in preparation.)





PATTY ON THE DOCTOR'S KNEE.

PATTY GRAY'S JOURNEY.

FROM

BALTIMORE TO WASHINGTON.

BY

CAROLINE H. DALL.

"When the state-house is the hearth,
Then the perfect state is come."

EMERSON.

BOSTON:

LEE AND SHEPARD.

1876.

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FROM
BALTIMORE TO WASHINGTON.

CHAPTER I.

KING CHARLES.

“NEXT week,” said Patty, sleepily, as she opened her eyes the day after Christmas. “What shall I do when mamma is gone?”

Then she gave a great stretch, and wished that next week were not quite so near. As she did so, she opened her eyes a very tiny bit, and saw a little gray dress laid out on the bed, just as if some little girl were ready to jump into it. Now, Patty had been measured for this dress in the very middle of the summer, when Moggie had not much to do. She had seen the gray stuff lying round the nursery for a while, but she had soon forgotten all about it.

As soon as she caught a glimpse of its bright-blue trimming, she sprang up and looked at it.

"I wonder who it can be for?" she said, thoughtfully. "Have any of my cousins come in the night?"

There were the short frock, the full trousers, and a warm quilted sack, quite unlike anything she had seen before, and, what was strangest of all, a pair of stout boots, and a soft, waving gray hat.

While Patty was looking at them, somebody spoke just at her ear. "Now she will be more like a little gray mouse than ever!" It was aunt Etta.

"Whose are they?" shouted Patty. "Who are they for?"

"I don't know," said aunt Etta, mischievously; "but I know one little girl who must try them on."

Patty sat up in the bed, took the gray stocking that aunt Etta handed her, and began to pull it over her rosy toes. Willie sat on the floor behind the bed-room screen, and he and Mamie were talking through the open door of

the nursery. Mamie seemed to be tugging at a new stocking also. At last she said, impatiently, —

“It never will come on in *my* world.”

“My world!” shouted Willie, indignantly; “this isn’t *your* world. It is God’s world. He just *rents it out* to us.”

“Rents it out!” said Patty, softly, under her breath; “why, Willie, how can you say so? He *gives* it to us — only,” she added, sorrowfully, “we won’t take it.”

Aunt Etta did not know what to make of children who talked in this fashion; so she took hold of the gray stocking.

Mamie, astonished at Willie’s anger, stood silent in the door-way, and as Patty looked up and saw what a pretty frame her long golden hair made for her bright face, she thought again of the gray dress.

“Is it Mamie’s dress?” she said to aunt Etta. “Is it Mamie’s dress, and is she going to try it on now?”

“No, Patty,” said aunt Etta, “it is your dress. You are going a long journey, and must have something loose and strong.”

"A long journey! not to-day?" said Patty, looking frightened.

"No, not to-day," said aunt Etta; "but to-day you are to put it on, and walk as far as Evergreen in your new boots, for mamma wants to be sure that every part of it fits you, and that if you have any hard work to do on your journey, you will be all ready."

"That is just right," said Patty. "I wonder if I shall ever be like mamma? She always thinks beforehand, and I always think afterward."

By this time Patty was out of bed, rubbing her cropped head as hard as she could, on a long, coarse towel.

"Aunt Etta," said she, all out of breath, "how *could* mamma know that I wanted to go to Evergreen?"

"Don't you always want to go?" said aunt Etta, looking puzzled.

"I like it," said Patty, "but that isn't what I mean. Now I *must* go. I must ask Elsie's pardon; and I was so afraid mamma would go off to the Cotton Islands before I could get courage to ask her. I never could go alone."

Aunt Etta was silent. Accustomed to slaves all her life, it was something new to her to see a child ready to ask a servant's pardon; but her sweet womanly nature told her that Patty was right. While she was thinking, Patty spoke again:—

“Things always come right if I only let them alone. Why can't I believe it? I was just as unhappy as could be at Mrs. Eckley's last night, because I hadn't done it; and now it's all straightened out.”

“Well, you are not to be unhappy to-day,” said aunt Etta, laughing, for there was nothing in her sunny temper that matched Patty's despairing tone. “You are to eat some breakfast, and take a walk with me.”

Patty gave her aunt's hand a happy squeeze, and as soon as her bread and milk was ready, sat down by the fire to eat it. She was surprised to find that it was almost ten o'clock, and that mamma had already gone to town to make purchases for her journey.

Then they started for Evergreen. Patty had not walked there since she lost poor Caleb's bun at the turnstile. Then the summer sky

bent like a benediction over her; the hot air seemed to tremble as she looked through it, and tender green leaves hung on all the trees, or bright blossoms told of autumn fruit. Now the uncovered grass broke under her light step. She had to put Caleb's bun into her pocket, her hands were so cold, and when she got into the shelter of the holly hedge, she stopped short and said, —

“Why can't they drop their leaves? I don't like evergreens at all.”

“O, Patty!” said aunt Etta.

“No, I don't,” persisted Patty. “Why, if I could shut my senses just as I do my eyes, and not feel the cold a bit, it might be summer; but look there, aunty; the leaves crack right off when I touch them!”

“Yes, I know,” said aunt Etta, taking the broken leaves from the little girl's hand; “but it isn't often as cold as this in Baltimore, and all these leaves are so beautiful in the soft, winter weather, that I almost think summer is here, when I come to Evergreen.”

“That is what I hate,” said Patty, stoutly. “I don't want to think any such thing. Why can't winter *be* winter?”

By this time Surly's old ears caught the echo of their tread, but he seemed to be stiff with the sharp wind. He walked very slowly down over the lawn, and when he got to Patty, wagged his tail, and looked up pitifully, as much as to say, "I don't know anything about *this* weather."

Patty walked beside him to the house. The school-room was shut up, and she thought the whole place looked very dull. After vacation, Miss May would keep school in the nursery, until the warm weather came again.

In the nursery it was all merry enough at this moment. The little Austin children had slept late also. They had just finished breakfast. The silver porringers in which they had eaten their warm "crowdie" were set down on the hearth, and the two children knelt at Elsie's feet. Elsie held an old "gum" shoe, as they say in Baltimore — not the new sort of rubber which is spread over cloth, but one of those rubbers which used to come from South America, made by dipping a clay mould into the juice of the Caoutchouc tree several times, and then smoking it and breaking out the clay.

Elsie had a pair of sharp scissors. She was cutting up the rubber into little devils with horns and hoofs and tails. When they were finished, she set them on the warm fire-dogs, and they sprang and jumped in a very amusing way. Then Patty gave a quick shout. She was so pleased that she almost forgot the painful thing she had come to do.

"That isn't the prettiest," said dear little Clara Austin. "O, Elsie, take those you made yesterday, and thread them with a needle, and let Patty see a war-dance."

Elsie took out of her bureau drawer a large box of little devils. She took a long, slender needle, and ran a thread of sewing silk through the body of each one, leaving room on the string so that the figures would not touch each other. Then she tied each end of the string to a fire-dog; and as soon as the little darkies felt the warmth of the bright wood fire, they began to dance and caper in a very surprising manner.

The children clapped their hands, and even aunt Etta was pleased.

"Who taught you to do that, Elsie?" she said.

"I think it was my mother, Miss Hetta," said Elsie, speaking to Patty's aunt, just as she had always heard the colored servants do, ever since she came to Evergreen. "When I was a little girl, there was scarcely such a thing as a gum shoe; but my father was a sailor, and he brought 'ome some rubber bottles once, and they were full of clay. Mother wanted to use them for beer, for father said they would neither break nor burst. She 'ad such a time getting out the clay! She put them down before the fire to give a little, and they began to jump about. When she found she could not use them, she cut dogs and pigs out of them for us."

"What ever made her think of it, Elsie?" said little Clara.

"She wanted to make us 'appy," said Elsie, simply, and did not know how true her own words were. It is out of the mother love in the world that many a bright thought and useful scheme is born.

Patty sat watching the string of dancing devils.

"Aunt Etta," said she, at last, "these are just

like the gutta percha toys Mrs. Eckley brought from Paris."

"Why, Patty!" said aunt Etta, as if she did not believe her.

"They certainly are," said Patty. "You know I put the little men and women on the palm of my hand, and as soon as they got warm they began to spring; and when I pulled their cheeks and tongues with my warm fingers, they made all sorts of faces before they grew cold."

"I've often told my mother she'd 'ave took out a patent, if she'd liked," said Elsie.

"Ah, these are better!" said Patty; "we like to see you cut them; but where did the shoes come from? I never saw any before."

"That was the way the rubber came from Brazil," said aunt Etta; "it used to come in the 'Gray Eagle,' just as the Indians sent it—moulded over rough clay forms in bottles or shoes. We had to wear the ugly things, then, just as they were, or go without. At last we found out how to melt and mix the rubber without spoiling it, and now we make them of a better shape."

"I don't know about the spoiling," said Clara

Austin. "I like the old rubber best to rub out pencil-marks."

"And I like the old rubbers best to wear on my feet," said Elsie. "I got these all along of Miss Matty. I'm always laughing at the ladies for their saving ways; but this time I was glad enough to find 'em, when I cleaned out my hatic."

"Aunt Etta," said little Clara, suddenly, "Miss May told us, the other day, about rubber cloth; and she says that the American princesses may have had water-proofs and rubber boots long before we did; for the Peruvians make pure rubber boots now, that are the best in the world, and know how to make rubber cloth."

"Yes," said Patty; "papa saw the rubber cloth in Quito long before we had any; and he says the juice of the tree was so white and thick, it looked like new cream when it first ran out."

Aunt Etta looked very sober. "Everything has to be done so many times," she said, half impatiently, and as if speaking to herself.

"I am afraid you wouldn't like to give me one of those little darkies," said Patty, softly, looking up at Elsie.

"Not like to give you one, my darling! What made you think that?" said Elsie; and she began to untie the string. "You shall have as many as you like."

"It was because I behaved so badly," said Patty, with a faltering voice. "I have been wanting to come and tell you I was sorry; but I thought I must wait for mamma, only to-day aunt Etta was so good as to come. Do you think you can forgive me, Elsie, and will aunt Ann let me come back when vacation is over?"

"The blessed lamb!" said Elsie, taking Patty up in her arms, and smothering her with kisses; — "and there I shut her up in that closet, and left her to go to sleep!"

"I am very glad you did that," said Patty, as soon as she could speak. "Now I know I shall never do so again;" but she hung her head, and her little cheeks were scarlet. Aunt Etta seemed distressed, and Clara Austin drew her back, and said, in a shocked voice, —

"Why, Patty, what are you thinking of? If you wanted to ask Elsie's pardon, why didn't you ask us all to go down stairs?"

"Was it wrong?" said Patty, humbly. "I did not know it. You all saw me when I kicked Elsie, and I thought you ought to know I was sorry."

Just at this moment aunt Ann opened the door. Rose was with her, and she carried a silver tray upon her head, heaped with crisp gingerbread. Aunt Ann was on her way to the store-room. About once in three months she went into the kitchen, and superintended the making of gingerbread and plum cake. When it had cooled nicely, it was carried up stairs, and packed into tin boxes in what was called the *dry* store-room.

"That is like Patty," said aunt Ann. "She knew I was baking, and came for a warm luncheon!"

Poor little Patty did not stir from the sofa, where she sat beside Clara. Had aunt Ann forgotten what a naughty girl she had been?

Rose carried her tray to the table, and set it down. Aunt Ann gave to each child a piece of cake, and a long strip of gingerbread. She carried Patty's to her herself, and sat down beside her.

"Have you come to see King Charles?" said she.

"King Charles!" said Patty, dreamily, hardly daring to eat her cake, because she felt so sure aunt Ann had forgotten her naughtiness.

"Yes," said aunt Ann. "Your mother said you were not to see it the day you climbed up to see the queen; but I suppose you may see it before you go off to the Cotton Islands."

"The Cotton Islands?" said Patty, thinking that aunt Ann did not know what she was talking about. "I am not going there. It is mamma; but I should like to see the king."

"I hope I haven't told any secrets," said aunt Ann, making up a face at herself. "Come with me."

Then she led Patty away to a small room at the back of the house. It had been her brother's study; but this brother had died long ago.

All his journals and letters had been bound, and they filled the lower part of the heavy book-cases. Aunt Ann led Patty to a safe set in the wall; she unlocked two or three doors, and then a small drawer.

"What do you keep it locked up for?" said Patty.

"I don't know," said aunt Ann, laughing, "and I don't believe anybody else does. One of my ancestors was Proprietor of Maryland, little Patty, and these drawers contain his letters from the Stuarts, and a long journal which he kept."

"What is a Proprietor?" said Patty.

"Proprietor means owner; but a Proprietor in those days was governor too," said aunt Ann.

"I should like to read his journal," said Patty, softly.

"I don't believe it," said aunt Ann. "*I* never read a line of it; but you may try some day;" and then she opened a drawer, and took out a morocco case, and handed it to the little girl.

When Patty opened it, she saw the picture of a fair-faced man, with a long, white wig. It was set in diamonds; real diamonds, although they were very small.

"I don't like it," she said in a minute. "It looks as if he were a gentleman; but I know

he was not a good man." Then she was silent, for she began to wonder whether a man *could* be a gentleman, who was not a good man.

"I guess he knew how to do things," said Patty again: "he could ride, or talk French, or be polite to a lady; but I don't believe he could speak the truth. I am glad he wasn't my father."

"So am I," said aunt Ann; "it was Charles II., you know."

"Now I remember," said Patty, brightly, "I have seen it before; at least, I have seen one just like it; only they called the diamonds paste, and they had a flat look, not a bit like these. And I have seen a room like this, too."

"A room!" said aunt Ann; "where?"

"It was at Major Winthrop's, on Staten Island, after he died," said Patty. "I forget whether it was his room, or only one into which his mother had put his things. I was very little, but I liked it so much! Mamma has a dear friend there, and, when she is in sore trouble, she always works as hard as she can. I believe she told mamma, that she scrubbed some paint once, just because she couldn't sit still. She loved Major

Winthrop very much, and, before the war, she coaxed him and coaxed him to work on his books. He had a great grief; and his friend said that, if he could not scrub, he must write. Why, aunty, he was so patient that he wrote his best book nine times over! After he died,—you know he went to the war just as quick as he could,—well, after he died, his publishers bound all his papers, and sent them to his mother, and they look just like those.”

“He was a good man,” said aunt Ann. “I know that, although I never read his books. Was that where you saw another picture of King Charles?”

“O, I meant to tell you,” said Patty. “His mother put all his books into one room. There are some beautiful pictures in it, and under the books are some drawers. His great, great, great grandfather was an old governor of Connecticut, and King Charles sent him a picture, too. Mrs. Winthrop kept the picture and some queer old papers in those drawers.”

“I believe he gave everybody a picture,” continued Patty. “What could he do it for?”

“Perhaps he thought he was handsome,” said

aunt Ann, as she locked up the little box; "but we know he was poor, and needed to make friends. I see you don't like it, as you did that of the queen."

Patty shook her head, and they went back to the nursery. They had a little whispered talk on the way. I don't know what it was about; but when they opened the door, Patty's face was sweet and bright, and aunt Ann's eyes were full of tears.

Rose had carried her tray to the store-room, the children had begun to dress for dinner, and aunt Etta and Patty were soon on their way home. They did not have a pleasant walk. The sky was dark, the clouds drifted quickly back and forth, and the sharp wind tugged at every fold of their warm dresses.

"Well, how does the new dress fit?" said Mrs. Gray, taking her little girl's cold hands in hers, as soon as she got into the hall.

"O, mamma," said Patty, "it is so nice! I forgot all about it; I never thought of my new boots once."

"Then it is all right," said Mrs. Gray.

"Yes," said aunt Etta, "just as you wished; for nobody observed that her dress was new."

"And that was best of all," said Patty, who hated above everything to have any one think that she was "dressed up."

"Mamma," said Patty that night, when she was going to bed, "are nations just like people? Do they have to learn things over and over?"

"I am afraid they do," said Mrs. Gray; "but what are you thinking of now?"

"Only of the Peruvians," said Patty, "and how they made rubber cloth, and forgot all about it, and then we had to find it out for ourselves; and didn't papa say something about steam engines in Egypt, the other day, and the compass in China?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Gray, "he and uncle Tom were talking about a good many such things. Papa feels sure that the people who lived in Tyre and Sidon had the compass in the very lifetime of the Greeks, who wrote books that we read now; but they hid it from their neighbors. They loved power, and to know about this little needle was a kind of power. It was just so with the microscope, Patty. It is not yet three hundred years since two or three

different people thought that they had invented the microscope; but the other day they found a large, coarse lens in Assyria, which proved that microscopes and telescopes might have been made five thousand years ago."

"How came people to forget it?" said Patty, impatiently. "It seems just as if every body in the world must have died some day, and the little babies that were left had to begin all over again."

"Patty," said her mother, "did you ever think how strange it is that we cannot thank any man for our greatest blessings of this sort? For the most useful discoveries, for the most curious machines, for precious medicines, for printing, the microscope, the compass, yes, even for gunpowder, we can only thank Him who gives us air and light, and all else that we have. It seems just as if God meant that what all men must use all men must help to get. He will allow no one but himself to serve us all."

"I have often asked who made glass," said Patty. "Didn't papa tell me once about a microscope made of a glass bubble filled with water? Whose was that?"

"I don't know, Patty; but Seneca tells us about it, and what he says shows that people did not quite forget, — that Jesus himself might have looked at the lilies of the field through a microscope."

"O, mamma," said Patty, drawing a long breath, "did Seneca live when Jesus did?"

"Yes, Patty," said Mrs. Gray. "Seneca was born in Spain, in the very same year that Jesus was born in Judea; but he went to Rome to live, so we always think of him as a Roman."

"How strange it seems, mamma, that any one else could be born in that year!"

Mrs. Gray smiled. "I remember feeling just so, Patty," she said. "But first about the glass. You know the story?"

"About the sailors, mamma? How they made a fire under their kettle on the shore, and put some bits of nitre under it to keep it straight, and the sand and the nitre ran together, and made glass. Do you really believe that, mamma?" said Patty.

"Anybody who ever tended a kitchen range, and who has sifted the ashes at night, can believe almost anything," said Mrs. Gray, laugh-

ing. "I have found beautiful clear white china in our ashes at home, and once I found a piece that had a glossy brown color all over its surface. What you and I want to know, Patty, is who saw this precious glass, and began to make it useful. But we shall never know. Pliny, another Roman, who lived at the same time as Jesus and Seneca, but was about twenty years younger, tells us this story, and he says that India then made the best glass in the world."

"Mamma," said Patty, in the odd, despairing tone, which, coming from such a little child, often made her friends laugh, "mamma, it is all a muddle. Isn't the world ever going to get on? Is it going to keep learning and keep forgetting?"

"If it is, Patty," said Mrs. Gray, "it will only be because it is the best way."

"I don't know, mamma," said Patty; "it seems terrible to me, that I should get into such dreadful tempers, and kick Elsie, and do horrid things, when you must have done just so once; and what was the use of it, if you can't teach me not to?"

"Teaching is not learning," said Mrs. Gray, smiling, "and I don't think *I* ever kicked Elsie; but, Patty, we see enough of our dear Father in heaven, to feel sure that love and justice rule the world, and when we cannot see, we must trust. What do you mean by 'getting on'?"

"Getting on, mamma!" Patty opened her eyes wide, and a soft color came into her cheeks, and a light into her whole face. "O, mamma, *you* know—to learn everything, to know everything, to have everything right, to be full of power, so that this world should be just like heaven!"

"Ah, Patty!" said Mrs. Gray, "is that your idea of heaven? It is not mine; and in this very way of yours the world is getting on, as never before."

"Is it?" said Patty, dolefully.

"Yes," said Mrs. Gray; "but I think our Father in heaven means that we shall 'get on' by a better way. It is the 'one sin repented,' and not the 'new world won,' that his angels sing about. My darling, the whole world 'gets on' when my little Patty controls her stormy temper, thinks a kind thought, does a kind deed."

"How can it be?" said Patty, in a low voice.

"I can tell you better when you are older," said Mrs. Gray; "but you asked me if the world was to keep forgetting? No, Patty, I don't think it will; and if it does not, it will be because Jesus once lived a life of perfect love. Do you remember what you said about the cherries, last summer?"

"No," said Patty.

"You thought that Jesus would have given his very first cherry to thirsty Peter, and I think so too; and there was one thing which Jesus taught, which, because he *lived it also*, was to change the whole world. 'No man liveth to himself alone,' were his words, and he taught that all things must be *shared*. Knowledge, power, discoveries, 'even the best that a man hath;' so that if anybody took away a man's outside garment, even, he was not to excuse himself from giving an inner one, if he could possibly spare it."

"But, mamma," interrupted Patty, "did not people give away things before Jesus came? They *must*, you know."

Mrs. Gray smiled again, for she knew that her little Patty could not help giving any more than she could help breathing.

"Yes, dear Patty, of course they did, for they had impulses of love and generosity which they could not help; but Jesus taught them that it was a duty—the secret of life. And one thing Jesus gave away, which, up to his time, every man had striven to keep to himself. We have newspapers, railroads, and telegraphs now, dear Patty, to tell us all we know, almost before it happens. Why didn't the people before Jesus have them, and the Greeks and Romans after him?"

Patty shook her head; she could not even guess.

"I think it was because they did not want them. People who had so many other things could have had these also; but in those days, all the bright people, kings, priests, and scholars, wanted to keep all they knew secret. It was the power they cared for, not the happiness of all the world. Jesus was the first man who gave away knowledge."

"Why, mamma!" said Patty, much surprised, "didn't Jesus teach 'privately'?" and were there not other teachers—you know who I mean—who used to walk up and down the streets in Athens, and teach everybody?"

"When Jesus taught 'privately,' said Mrs. Gray, "he did not refuse to teach anybody; he only went out of the way of the crowd. And, Patty, he taught the poor and the ignorant. He did not seek those who loved riches and power. The other teachers you are thinking of, helped to do the same work for other nations; but I cannot think that any of them ever had such influence as Jesus. Do you remember Socrates?"

"Yes," said Patty. "I meant him; he drank the hemlock."

"When I was young," said Mrs. Gray, "I used to wonder why Socrates did not make everybody good, before Jesus came. He had four hundred years to do it in. Socrates taught a great many things, such as grammar, geography, and rhetoric, to rich men, while he was teaching that men should love God, and

help each other. Jesus had no time to speak of anything else. To love God, and to love man, was all he ever tried to teach. Be comforted, little Patty; the world stopped forgetting when Jesus was born."

"Why, mamma," said Patty, "I can't think of a people who wouldn't like newspapers and a steam engine."

"You needn't," said Mrs. Gray, laughing. "You have had sober talk enough. Just now your business is to get Patty Gray to sleep."

Patty kissed her mother, and turned over on her pillow. Can you really believe that she forgot what aunt Ann had said about the Cotton Islands, and never asked her mother what it meant?

Just as Mrs. Gray thought Patty had dropped asleep, the little girl opened her bright eyes once more.

"I see it all now, mamma," she said; "it was just the same with slavery."

"What was just the same with slavery?" said Mrs. Gray, who was sewing a button on Patty's new boot.

“Why, mamma, God wasn’t going to let us keep the slaves, because we couldn’t teach them. We must *share* with them, mamma, and we couldn’t. They could never learn while we kept them at work. So we had to have this war, to clear the way, mamma—don’t you see?”

CHAPTER II.

DEPARTURE.

THE next day Patty came very near getting into disgrace again. She awoke just as bright as if she had never heard of Socrates or American princesses. She went down to breakfast as merry as a lark; but at the table she heard that the "Gray Eagle" was all ready to sail, and uncle John wanted uncle Tom and aunt Lou to be on board that very afternoon.

The Tiverton family had come over to share the last breakfast, and everybody except Patty looked very sober. Grandmamma's soft, white hair had not been brushed quite as smoothly as usual, and she played with her knife and fork, and cast anxious eyes upon the dear son, who was going away. Mamie and Lulie were full of excitement; but they did not like to part;

and Mrs. Gray, who knew that she must leave her husband and baby just as soon as the others had gone, had her sober thoughts, too. Everybody but Patty had something to think about. "Aunt Etta," said Patty, when she grew tired of the quiet, "won't you let me come over to Tiverton and stay with you?"

"I don't know," said aunt Etta, absently.

This was exactly what Patty could not bear. That her own aunt Etta should not know whether she wanted her or not was more than "human nature could endure."

Patty remembered "Pet Marjorie's" opinion upon this point, and she went off alone to the attic, where she had been told she might play, whenever "the whole world" was too busy to attend to her. For a good while she sat innocently enough turning over the contents of some old trunks, whose brocaded waistcoats, lace ruffles, and high-heeled boots only came in use now and then for tableaux or forfeits. Then she tossed over a whole barrel of sermons, which, by some odd chance, had lain for fifty years in a corner; and, at last, in an unlucky moment, she turned round a queer old frame

that stood leaning against the wall, and saw a still queerer picture of her papa. Patty had often heard of this picture; but she had never seen it. Indeed, everybody laughed at it, and no one could tell why it had not been put into the fire, instead of the attic.

"It would smell so!" said dear grandmamma, when somebody proposed it; and there the matter ended.

Patty looked at it in dismay. Certainly it was papa. There was his sweet smile; there were his soft curls; but what a silly, affected papa he was in the picture! It had been painted when Mr. Gray was in college. His family were very fond and proud of him, and they were very much vexed when they saw it; but nobody had ever been so much vexed as Patty.

"It is just a peacock!" she burst out. "No wonder grandmamma would not have it in the parlor. I know what I'll do; I'll *make fringe* of it!"

This was the severest threat Patty had ever been heard to utter, and everything that offended her she "made fringe" of.

Her first attempt at patch-work, her first copy-

book, a very crooked dress she had once cut for her largest doll, and a little book that told about a saucy child, had all shared this fate a long time ago. Down stairs she trotted in search of her most valuable possession — a pair of little scissors, given as a reward for her first button-hole. They were very bright and very sharp; but it was hard work to get them through that old canvas, stiff with years and paint. Nobody had seen Patty, however, as she crept into the nursery. Aunt Etta and aunt Lou were both busy with the last packing, and she had the whole morning before her. She did not loosen the canvas from its frame, but cut it straight across painfully, and then began to "fringe" the strips.

How persevering she was! Her scissors grew dull, her hands grew red, and her wrists ached; but Patty kept on. Once she thought she would go down and get Moggie's scissors. But the sleepy conscience, that had never said a word all the time she was cutting the hard canvas, spoiling her own scissors, and the picture that was not her own, woke up when she thought of Moggie's scissors. "No," it said;

those are Moggie's; don't touch *them*." "And this picture is nobody's, and these scissors are my own," said Patty, answering in her heart; but Patty had been taught that what was *nobody's*, certainly was not hers, and that what was her own must not be wasted nor abused. What was the matter with her lovely little scissors? Would she ever be able to use them any more?

She sat looking at them until the dinner bell rang. An early dinner they were to have this last day. As she jumped up, the loose and broken rivet fell away; the blades of her beautiful scissors lay useless in her hand; but Patty sprang down stairs, singing and shouting, as if she had never done a wrong thing in her life. She forgot to put away the picture; it stood in the very middle of the attic, all its frittered canvas waving in the draughts. If Patty had given it one parting glance, she would have said that it looked like a "medicine man."

What is a "medicine man," little girl? Do you really want to know?

Far away in the north-west, where the American Indians still live, the "medicine man" is

their doctor and priest. Patty had seen a real "medicine man" in Canada, when she was not more than three years old, and could not go to sleep without dreaming for a whole week after, so frightful a creature did she think him! The Indian doctor knows very little about sickness; but he believes in a good and in an evil spirit, and, by magic dances and prayers, he expects to induce these spirits to heal the sick. Of course, the sick man must believe in his doctor; so the "medicine man's" dress is made very frightful. He wears a moose-skin frock and trousers, cut all along the seams and edges into long fringes, trimmed with bright-colored beads. Over his shoulders he wears a long mantle of frayed cedar bark, or wolf-skin fringed and frittered to rags, and on his head the famous "medicine" cap. Sometimes this cap is a helmet, like that old Hector wore, with a long plume of feathers sewed into soft cloth, and falling over his back and down as far as the calves of his legs, like a horse's mane. Sometimes it has only one or two odd stiff feathers, set on a sort of spring, so that they shake if you just look at them. If you could only see a

“medicine man” in a breeze! All his feathers flutter, and his fringes blow; the cedar bark and the moose-skin shake and shiver; and as he runs round and round the sick man’s mat, the poor fellow thinks that all the evil spirits are in his finery, and will lay hold of that which is tormenting him.

Papa’s picture was just fit to make a mantle for a “medicine man,” and the bright paints upon the canvas would have made a grand show on the fringes.

When Patty came into the breakfast-room, everybody was eating, and everybody was in a hurry. Mrs. Gray called her, and gave her some oysters. The little girl had felt quite proud of her work, and I really believe she would have told them all what she had done, if the older people had not been so busy. But no one had any leisure. As soon as Patty had swallowed her oysters, and eaten a little bit of dear aunt Lou’s nice pudding, — the last pudding aunt Lou was to make for a long while, — she was hurried up stairs to dress; and this saved her from disgrace.

If Patty had once looked in mamma’s eyes,

she would have known all about it. If she had come to her senses, she would never have ridden down to the wharf with uncle Tom.

The carriages came to the door. There was aunt Lou's little glass chariot, in which she did all her shopping, and which now held dear old grandmamma and uncle Tom—uncle Tom so wrapped up that only the top of his nose was to be seen. Then came the great carriage from Tiverton—the new one that uncle John kept locked up in the coach-house most of the time, and that all the neighbors teased him about. All the children were now tumbled into it, and baby was held up for them to kiss. Even Patty kissed her; for she felt as if she were going to Rio with all the rest. Last of all came Mr. Gray and uncle John, driving in the buggy, and, behind them, the old cart, piled to the very top with luggage. On it sat uncle Tom's John, and a queer old servant from Tiverton. The blacks are fond of bustle; they like to see people come and go. John's face was wrinkled all over with pleasure, and his white teeth shone. Uncle Tom had just slipped a small gold piece into his hand. That was just like

uncle Tom. How could *he* know what would happen to the greenbacks while he was away?

The little glass chariot led the way. In spite of the cold, blustering wind, the children climbed up behind the driver, in the big carriage, and clapped their little hands. Dear aunt Lou and aunt Etta sat on the back seat, silently. Would aunt Lou bring her dear husband back? Who could tell? Little Mamie was pale and pining. Could aunt Etta keep *her* safe, and one day give her back, bright and rosy, to mamma?

Ah, dear children! let us trust God wholly, with glad hearts.. Nothing ever happens as we expect it will. Nobody was ever so near-sighted as the soul that insists on seeing for itself. Aunt Etta and aunt Lou knew this well, and whatever you and I might have done, *they* asked no questions. Uncle Tom was coming back, strong and happy, although they could not know it. Little Mamie was to be as beautiful as the next summer's flowers, that would greet their homeward steps with her; and yet a great trial was to fall on all those loving hearts, before the "Gray Eagle" came back!

Patty never could give much of an account of

what happened that day. The carriages rolled over the sharp stones with a brisk, hateful clatter, shaking everybody to pieces. They went down by the Washington Monument, off by the Assembly Rooms, through many long, narrow streets, till they came to uncle John's counting-room, on Bowley's Wharf, and saw the "Gray Eagle," just opposite.

The cold wind, that had frozen Mrs. Gray almost to death on Christmas morning, was still blowing. The old awning over uncle John's window had rattled out of its folds, and cracked so, that Patty said "she could not hear herself think;" so she quietly watched what was going on. People and parcels were hurrying up the planks. Everybody looked anxious when uncle Tom got out of the carriage. Dear grand-mamma bent forward for a last kiss, and then the servant shut the door quickly. Uncle John and Mr. Gray caught the splendid white bear-skin from the larger carriage, and held it so as to shield uncle Tom from the gale a little, as he tottered up the planks. Then everybody drew a long breath, and aunt Lou's white face showed what her dear lips had never uttered — that she

had been half afraid he was not strong enough to go on board safely in such a day.

It was a north wind. Patty began to wish that it would turn east, so that the vessel might not go, and they could all have one more happy night at Spring Vale. Then she heard the plank clatter down—in a moment the stiff sails caught the gale. There was not even a handkerchief fluttering, for no one could stay on deck. Aunt Etta and Patty crept in beside grandmamma, whose tears flowed silently over her pale cheeks. Little Mamie was "happed" safely in uncle John's white bear-skin, and the almost empty carriages dashed in and out of the stepping-stones, as they darted across the city, in a way that Patty had never seen before. It was all explained very soon. Just as they drove into the avenue at Spring Vale, there came one blinding flash, then another; and then the thunder rattled and roared, and little Patty was lifted out in a torrent of hail and rain. If she had been in Baltimore streets at that moment, she would have seen what a "winter gust" could do.

Little Mamie was not to go to Tiverton until

the next day. Aunt Etta had been so busy helping aunt Lou, that she was not quite ready for her.

Baby was asleep, and the three children wandered wearily through the house.

"There is nothing to do, and nobody to do it," said Willie, at last.

Mrs. Gray looked up from her sewing. "Come and sit round the fire on the floor," said she, "and I will tell you a story."

What a tussle there was for the sofa cushions! "It must be a real story, mamma," said Patty, anxiously. "I can't settle to nonsense to-night."

Patty called fairy stories, and the "Swiss Family Robinson," and "Gulliver," nonsense!

While Mrs. Gray looked in her basket, to see if she had everything she wanted, Patty began to sing. She sang two lines of a hymn over and over. They were these:—

"Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face."

Perhaps Patty had never thought what they meant; she hummed them over to herself in a restless, droning kind of way.

"I think," said Mrs. Gray, threading her needle, "I think that I will take Patty's verses for my text."

"My verses!" said Patty, starting up. "O, mamma! is it going to be sober?"

"Don't we all feel sober?" said Mrs. Gray. "O, Patty, you cannot tell, till you are a great deal older, how sad aunt Lou and I both felt to-day! I thought, as I came home, that dear grandmamma was bravest of us all; and I remembered how perfectly I used to love and trust my own mother, when I was little, and wondered why I could not trust God just as fully now."

"Why, mamma," said Patty, "don't you trust God *more*? Grandmamma might make a mistake, you know."

"Patty," said her mother, "if I trusted God perfectly, I should not be the least bit sad this minute. When I was a little girl, I was very much afraid of lightning; but if I could get up in mamma's lap, and hide behind the Quaker kerchief that was pinned across her bosom, I felt perfectly safe. I have never been so happy in my life as I sometimes was in such storms."

"But, mamma," said Patty, "God puts his hand right over my eyes; I *have* to be happy."

"That is right, my darling; that is the way you ought to feel. But while I was thinking about grandmamma, I remembered that there are a great many little children who do not feel as I did, who are not trustful and happy even in their dear mothers' arms."

"And are their mothers good?" said Patty. "How can they help it?"

Mrs. Gray put out her hand, and drew Willie close to her knee. "Do you feel so? dear Willie?" she asked. "If I were to hurt you very much, without giving you any reason for it, if I were to ask you to do something very dangerous, without telling you why, could you trust me through it all, and do just as I bade you?"

Willie hung his head.

"My dear Willie," said his mother, "I do not mean to blame you. Patty would do it in a moment, but she could not help it. I want you to know that happiness depends on this perfect trust; and as you are born without it, you must teach yourself to feel it. Now for the story.

"A good while ago I had a dear friend. Her husband was dead, and he had left her poor. She had two little children, and was, a great deal of the time, too sick to sit up. She had to earn money to take care of them by writing story-books. One summer I had a house in the country, and my friend wrote to me and asked if I could find a place near my own house, where she could stay for two or three months. She wanted to bring her children with her. The doctor had said that she would live but a very little while, if some change could not be found for her. I was up on the Connecticut River; it was too damp for my friend, but she begged to come because I was there. If anything happened to her, she knew I would see the children safely cared for, and look after her papers.

"I longed to take her right into my own home, but I was not married then. Dear grandmamma was living, and too feeble to bear the play of the two children. So I did the best thing I could. I got a farmer's wife, at the bottom of the hill, to take her in, and on the night she was coming, I went down and set the tea-table

myself. I remember how pretty it looked. We laid the butter on a fresh vine-leaf, and put a wreath of pansies round it. I had a dewy rose ready to lay on each napkin, as soon as the coach drove up to the door. But my friend did not come in a coach. She came on a mattress lying across a light spring cart, and was carried up stairs. She never saw my pretty table. She lay there all summer, on a low couch, looking out into an old cherry orchard. The cherries were just turning when she came, and I never saw anybody happier than she was, watching the birds in the trees."

"Did she see them fight, mamma?" said Patty, eagerly; "did the robins and the cherry-birds fight there, as they did here last summer — did they pounce right at each other?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Gray, laughing, "and she saw a great deal more, too. Some blue-birds had made their nests in the old orchard, and about three o'clock every afternoon, quite a flock of them lighted on the cherry tree opposite her window. Then they began to peck their red breasts, and arrange each other's dress, and finally made an attack on the cher-

ries. I don't think they meant to eat the cherries. It had been a wet season, and there were a good many worms in the fruit. I think the worms were what they wanted; but as soon as the blue-birds stopped dressing and began to eat, quite a little crowd of robins and king-birds darted down, and, chattering and scolding, drove the pretty blue-birds away.

"My friend's little children loved the blue-birds, they were so tender to each other. The male birds used to go away in search of dainty food for their mates. When they came back, they would put it into their mouths, in a gentle, coaxing way, and cover them softly with their wings while they ate.

"It made the children very angry to see the robins and king-birds drive them back.

"You know our robin, Patty, — that stout fellow with the big red breast, who looks so much better able to cover the babes in the wood than his English brother?"

"O, yes," said Patty. "I used to go out to Roxbury every spring to see the robins eat the cedar-berries. Don't you remember, mamma, how thick they always were on the rocks?"

"And do you remember the king-birds?" said Mrs. Gray.

"I do," said Willie; "the *tyrants!* that was what we used to call them, because you said that was what their Latin name meant. The king-bird is a sort of brown, mamma, with a soft, white breast. It has scarlet feathers on its head, with a little yellow border; and when the father bird is pleased, how he does wave his scarlet plume, and puff out his white breast!"

"Yes," said Patty, "I remember, when we were at Clifton; it looked just like Mr. Lee's shirt bosom. I don't like the king-bird."

Mr. Lee was the minister of the little town called Clifton, where Patty had once made a visit. She took a dislike to the minister the first time she ever saw him. She never gave any reason for it, except that he had "too much shirt bosom!"

"Well," said Mrs. Gray, "you can't think how happy Charlie and Sallie were, watching these birds. They had never been in the country before, and when the robins and king-birds had driven away the blue-birds, and the king-birds pounced on the great fat robins, and drove

them back too, the children laughed and shouted as if it were all a play. Except for the birds, I had not found a very good place for my poor friend. The farmer's wife proved a coarse, selfish woman, who provided almost nothing to eat, and they would all have fared badly, if it had not been for the new milk and fresh eggs. Beside this, she treated the children so harshly that they were never happy unless they could get out into the field. I was sitting with them one afternoon, and we were all watching the birds. One after the other, blue-birds and robins were driven away. There had been a carpenter at the house repairing the fence. He had left a plank tilted up against the cherry-tree, and just as the last robin sailed away, a big motherly hen walked up the plank, and began to throw down cherries to her little chicks, just as I might have thrown them down to you if you had been under the tree, little Patty."

"How pretty!" said Patty.

"The king-birds did not think so," said Mrs. Gray; "they turned away from the robins, and three or four of them pounced together upon the back of the poor hen. They brought the

blood to her white feathers, and Sallie, who was very fond of her, tried to help her, as she scuttled screaming down the plank. In her haste, Sallie caught her foot in the fence, and fell down, tearing her apron badly.

"I called her in, and she came up to her mother, who lay in a high fever, suffering a great deal of pain.

"'What shall I do, Sallie?' said her mother; 'Mrs. Brown refuses to wash and mend for you more than nine pieces a week. This is the third apron you have soiled and torn this week. What can I do about it?'

"Sallie said nothing, but began to cry.

"'I am very sorry,' said her mother, 'but if it happens again before Saturday night, I must punish you;' and then she turned to me, and said, 'You know, Sophie, I am not earning anything now.'

"Her voice was tender and low. I felt her love for little Sallie in every word; but Sallie's eyes had a strange, frightened look, and I soon missed her.

"The next day I did not mean to go down to the farm-house, but I was sent for, about four

o'clock, and found my friend in great distress. Little Sallie had been missing for several hours, and my poor friend could not move herself, nor could she find anybody to go in search of her child. There was another sick person in the house—the brother of the farmer's wife. Little Sallie had gone into the attic to amuse herself with a rusty spinning-wheel. It had disturbed the sick man, and Mrs. Brown had called her down, and driven her out with angry words. That was all the poor mother knew. I started in search of the child. I had not gone far, when I met a poor woman, who lived two miles away.

"'I was just coming for you, ma'am,' she said. 'I thought, mebber the folks at Miss Brown's would be frightened, missing the child so long. I thought perhaps you would drive over, and bring her home.'

"'Why, Ann,' I said, 'how came the child to wander as far as your house? Do you mean that she is there, safe and well?'

"'Safe enough, ma'am, but far from well,' answered the woman, whom I knew, because she had brought me berries all summer. 'She

tumbled into the ditch on the river meadow this morning, and my boy found her shaking and shivering with fright, like. He couldn't make her go home, though it was a deal nigher; so he brought her to me. I washed the muck out of her things, but they're stained and frayed. As soon as she saw them, she looked like a wild creature; and not a step towards home will she stir.'

"I went quickly back to my friend, and told her what had happened.

"'Not come home! not come home to *me*?' she said, in a wondering sort of way.

"I borrowed the farmer's light cart, and, taking Ann in, hurried off. Poor Sallie screamed when she saw me; and when I looked at her ruined dress, I did not wonder that she was unwilling to show it to mamma. When I asked her to come home with me, she refused with such violence and agony, that I found it was useless to talk. I got a neighbor to lift her into the cart, and then, starting the horse at a slow pace, I spoke to her sternly, told her that her mother was very ill, and that before we got home she must tell me all about it. I let her

sob herself quiet, and then, in broken words, the whole thing came out. She had been afraid to go home, lest her mother should punish her for the torn dress — ‘and, O, aunt Sophie,’ she cried, ‘if mamma were to punish me once, I should die!’

“Her fright was real; the poor little thing trembled all over.

“‘Sallie,’ said I, ‘did mamma ever punish you?’

“‘Never,’ she answered, shuddering.

“‘Nor Charlie?’ I said.

“‘O, yes,’ she answered; ‘mamma punished Charlie, and that is what frightened me so. Why, aunt Sophie, she cut his hand open all across the back, and the doctor had to dress it. O, it would kill me. I never could bear it;’ and she broke out crying again.

“Patty could keep still no longer. ‘But she didn’t! mamma! I know she didn’t!’ she exclaimed. ‘O, what did it all mean?’

“That was what I said to little Sallie,” said Mrs. Gray. “I said, ‘You have made some strange mistake;’ but my heart was full of sorrow, and I hardly knew what to do.

"As soon as we got to Mrs. Brown's, I took Sallie up stairs, and put on a clean frock. Then I went to my friend. I never saw a face so distressed as hers was, when I told her that her own little girl was afraid to trust her.

"'My own child!' she moaned over and over to herself. 'My own child!' But she could not even guess what Sallie meant about punishing Charlie.

"'They have always been good children,' she said. 'I never struck one of them in my life;' and she was so distressed that I cut the matter short by bringing Sallie in to her. Weak as she was, she sat up on the couch, and drew the child to her bosom.

"'When did I ever strike Charlie?' she asked, as one grown woman might ask of another. 'Where was I when I did it?'

"'O, mamma,' said little Sallie, 'it was before papa died; it was in the attic: don't you know? Why, Charlie has the scar yet.'

"A look of horror darted into my friend's pale face, but a sweet smile of relief followed it.

"'Thank God!' she said, 'Thank God!' I was afraid I must have done something in my sleep.' And then she added, —

“‘Why, it was nearly three years ago; and did you really think I did it on purpose, Sallie? What sort of a mother have I been?’

“‘I heard you say it, mamma, quite plain,’ answered the child. ‘The blood dropped down on the floor, and you said, “See, now, how you are punished for your carelessness.”’

“‘Punished!’ my friend said, sadly; ‘yes, as I am now. But *I* did not punish him, little Sallie.’

“‘Didn’t you; didn’t you, really, mamma?’ said the wondering, still unbelieving child; and then my friend told me the truth.

“A friend of papa’s had bought Charlie a famous bow and arrow. Charlie did not like anybody to use it, and, having no proper place for it, got in the habit of hiding it away in strange corners. His mother reprovved him. It was strung with catgut, and if it caught suddenly and broke, she felt sure it would do harm. At last, she drove a nail in Charlie’s chamber, and he promised to hang it up; but he did not do it. He hid it, as before, behind a bureau, where his mother kept the arms of a silk reel, that she sometimes used. It was the ‘spring

cleaning,' and Charlie came up into the attic to ask if he might go fishing. His mother had just found the bow, and was drawing it out carefully, as he came into the room. It caught in a sharp nail in the wall, and just as he came up to her, the string cracked, with a loud noise, cutting across Charlie's hand. 'I thought it had injured him for life,' said the poor mother; 'but, Sallie, where were you? I never knew, till this moment, that you saw the dreadful thing happen.'

"I was at the head of the stairs, mamma. I came up to tell you aunt Helen was in the parlor; but as soon as I heard your words, I ran right away.'

"Yes, I remember,' said her mother; 'I sent aunt Helen for the doctor, and the poor hand was lame for months.'

"But didn't you do it?' persisted Sallie.

"A frightened look came over my friend's face.

"Won't she believe me?' she said, under her breath.

"I am going to take her home with me,' I

said, sharply, for I was really angry with the little creature."

Willie had been listening earnestly. He reached up, and kissed his mother.

"'I see,' he answered to her look; 'indeed, dear mother, I will try.'

"I think nothing ever made me so sad as my talk with little Sallie," continued Mrs. Gray. "Not only had her mother never punished her, but she had shown the most tender love of her in every way.

"All Sallie's suffering came from a distrustful and reserved nature. If she had gone to her mother that night, and said, 'Mamma, how came you to punish Charlie so?' she would have known all about it. Her poor mother could not get over it. 'If I had died, and never found it out!' she kept saying.

"Oh! Willie, you children have thoughts that we know nothing about. Why can't you come and talk to us a little oftener? I have often thought of little Sallie, when I have seen you walk away without answering, when Patty said, kindly, 'Where are you going?'"

"I don't like that little girl at all," said Patty, tossing up her head. "I hope I shall never see that Sallie!"

Mrs. Gray smiled. She knew that her little daughter had seen Sallie very often, and loved her very much.

CHAPTER III.

ON THE WAY.

PATTY came down to breakfast the next morning, dressed in her little gray suit. She did not think much about it when Moggie put it on, because she had worn it once to Evergreen. She was a good deal surprised when she found aunt Etta and Mamie at the breakfast table, and saw two or three large black bags in the hall.

"Are you going away, mamma?" she said, with a troubled look.

"We are all going away," said Mrs. Gray; "you, and Willie, and papa will go to Washington with me."

"To Washington, mamma!" shouted Patty; and then there came over her a sort of disappointed look, and she added, "Is that all?"

"My dear Patty," said Mrs. Gray, "we are

certainly going to Washington. I feel sure that you will want to see a good many things there. I shall take Willie, that he may see all the curious things his uncle has sent home from Alaska; and then Willie and papa are coming home. I think you must trust me about all the rest."

"I am not a bit like that hateful Sallie," said Patty, earnestly; "but no one told me I was to go at all; and, mamma, I did not even know *you* were going to-day."

"I didn't mean it should be so bad as that," said aunt Sophie, kissing her little girl. "I thought you knew I was going the very day after uncle Tom; and what journey did you think that little gray suit was for?"

"I believe I never thought at all," said Patty; "or, if I did, it was about different things."

"Oh! well," said her mother, "I cannot do all *your* thinking, as well as my own. We need not ask many questions in this world if we will listen to what people say, and watch what they do. However, Patty, I did not want you to set your heart on this journey; so I did not mean to tell you till the day you went to Evergreen."

"And aunt Etta didn't mean to tell me then," said Patty, laughing; "and I thought aunt Ann had made a mistake;" but she asked no more questions, and, in a very short time, the children found themselves sitting in the depot, in Camden Street, waiting for papa to check the luggage and buy the tickets.

Patty looked at her mother's black bags, and felt rather ashamed of them.

"Mamma," said she, "where are your trunks?"

"I have no trunks," said Mrs. Gray; "we shall have to stay in some very small houses before we get back, and some people might be very glad to entertain me, who would not want to entertain my trunks."

"The trunks would entertain themselves if you just set 'em down," said Patty; "but, mamma, can you be clean all the time, if you carry so few things?"

Aunt Sophie laughed, and looked up at her husband.

"Patty," said Mr. Gray, "before you were born, I made a journey of three thousand miles with your mother, and she carried only a bag

that she could lift in her hand. She was the tidiest person that I saw while I was gone."

"But I would not advise you to do that, Patty," said her mother; "that was a time when I lost my trunk at the start, and had to do without it till I got back. Only be sure of this — that the less baggage you carry, the more easy it will be to entertain you, and, therefore, in many small and crowded houses, the more welcome you will be."

They took their seats in the car. Since the hail, the weather had changed. It seemed as lovely as a winter morning could be. Mrs. Gray said to her husband, —

"Now, if I were going to Washington to make calls, I think I might venture to wear my best bonnet;" but Mr. Gray shook his head.

Washington is a very short railway ride from Baltimore. It takes only two hours to go there at the slowest, and it is very common for Baltimore people to go down to spend a day. Mrs. Gray had tried it several times; but the climate of Washington is very changeable, and very different from that of Baltimore. Aunt Sophie's

friends laughed at her a little because she sometimes went down for the day without an umbrella, and was sure to come home looking very shabby. It is very amusing to hear people talk about going to Washington to get away from the east winds. The north winds that drift down through the valleys of the Blue Hills are still more chilling; and it is not uncommon there for a day to begin like summer and end like winter. Patty was to find this out for herself to-day. She was to see how clouds would pass by Baltimore, and settle over Washington, which is built, for the most part, on very low land. Very soon the trees and bushes began to sparkle in the sun, and papa drew Patty's attention to them.

"Oh! papa," said Patty, "I have never seen anything like that! I have seen trees covered with snow bowed clear down to the ground, and I have seen them covered with ice, just as if they had been dipped in hot sugar, like the things they have at Christmas; but what is this? It looks like millions and millions of beads."

"Beads of dew," said papa; "the feathery

branches of the evergreens and the dead stalks have caught a mist that was settling round them; and then a sharp wind has blown down through the valleys and frozen them in a minute."

"But how queer the sun looks!" said Patty. "It don't half shine; and yet those hills, away off, are just as bright as ever."

Mr. Gray looked out. "We are driving into the mist, Patty," said he; "the very mist which has made all these branches so beautiful."

And then Patty exclaimed at the lovely color of the banks through which the railroad was cut. She clapped her little hands, and looked so full of delight that Mrs. Gray said, —

"That is the way I feel, Patty, every time I see it. The color is almost too lovely to look at."

"What makes it, mamma?" said Patty.

"Iron, Patty," said her mother; "just the same iron that colors the Baltimore bricks red. There is a little bed of it all through the soil. It may not be more than an inch deep; but the rains wash it down over these banks, and all these lovely clouds of brown, crimson, orange,

blood-color, and yellow, melt into the stones and the clay."

"And, Oh! mamma," said Patty, pointing with her little finger, "just look at those little streams of crimson. Why, if they fought here, mamma, it might be the blood dripping away from the old battle-fields."

Just at this moment they went into the very thickest of the fog, and it became so dark, that, although Patty knew it was only noon, she could take no pleasure in looking out. At the same time, the cars stopped at a sort of half-way house, and a comely negro girl came into the car with a tray on her head, crying, "Chick'ns! chick'ns! — nice hot chick'ns! In clean white paper, gen'l'm'n." The tray was covered with a fine white towel. On this were dishes holding Baltimore biscuits and bits of fried chicken. The bones of the chicken were wrapped in clean white paper, so that the meat could be eaten without soiling the hands. The girl set down her tray as she came near Patty, to help some of the travellers to meat, and Patty saw all this quite well. She saw the snowy turban and well-starched apron of the

bright-eyed girl, and took a fancy to her at once.

"Who is she?" said she to her mother. "But what do they want chicken for? They have only just done breakfast."

"Oh! Patty," said her mother, "that is the way we judge people in this world. *You* have just done *your* breakfast; but this is a through train. Some of these people come from Denver, some from Chicago, and a great many are from Boston and New York. I am always glad to see them eat the chicken; it seems so much more wholesome than the cakes and candy that we get at the north."

"I didn't know they came so far," said Patty; "but who is *she*?"

"*She* is a servant at the half-way house," answered her mother; "not a slave any longer. When I came south the first time, Patty, the first pretty thing I saw was the group of slave girls, who came into the cars at this spot to sell fruit."

"Prettier than this one?" said Willie.

"Much prettier," said his mother. "It was in October; and, beside the gay dresses, which

they no longer wear, their white napkins were heaped with grapes of two or three colors, dark-purple and yellow clusters, dropping far over the edge, and mixed with the late crimson nectarine. It was such a pretty sight I could not bear to lose it."

The cars had started again, and very soon the conductor came in to take the tickets. He was followed by a police officer, who listened to his talk with each passenger, and seemed on the watch for trouble. This had happened just after they left Baltimore, but Patty had not seen it. It was the first thing that reminded her, in her new home, of the war which had just ended. Some of the windows were open. Mrs. Gray found that she could not keep warm. Papa spoke to the police officer, and he spoke a word to the men sitting by them. The men shut the windows instantly, but turned with scowling faces to look at the party.

"Oh! mamma," whispered Patty, "I would rather be cold all my life, than have anybody look at *me* so."

"But I hope," said papa, "that you would rather not have your mamma sick?"

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"But I hope," said papa, "that you would er not have your mamma sick?"

A gentleman behind them wore the dress of a Union officer. He was reading a newspaper; he stopped reading with an oath, and handed the paper to Patty's father.

Mr. Gray read from it the rumor that the house where Barbara Freitchie had lived, in Frederick, was to be pulled down.

"The rascals!" said the officer. "I only wish I was there this minute. I don't see what it's for. It was right on the creek."

"Yes," said a German laborer, on the other side of the car, "yes, they vill viden the crik; they vill viden out the house; it vill come down."

"Widen it out!" said Patty, whose eager face the officer had been watching; "widen it out! Oh! papa, they can't do that — can they? When they can't see the house, they'll sing the song —

'Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down.'

"No," said Mr. Gray, smiling, "I don't think they can. The house may come down, but Barbara will never be forgotten."

The officer who had handed the paper to

Mr. Gray was sitting in the seat with Willie. After a while he spoke to him.

"Where are you going?" said he.

"On a journey," said Willie, very coolly.

"Do you live in Baltimore?" said the officer, who had seen Willie get into the cars there.

Willie did not answer, but he moved a little as if to look out of the window, and in so doing he turned his back on the officer. In a few moments the stranger got up and walked away; perhaps he thought the little boy was deaf. As soon as he had done so, Mrs. Gray moved a pile of shawls at her side, and called to Willie to come and sit by her.

"I thought my son was a gentleman," said Mrs. Gray. "What was the reason you could not answer those questions civilly, Willie?"

"Why, mamma," said Willie, turning suddenly red, "what business had he to ask me at all? I've a right to keep my own secrets — haven't I?"

"Is it a secret that you live in Baltimore, and are going to Washington?" said his mother; "if so, it is a secret that a great many people in this car know."

"I've a right to keep it to myself," said Willie.

"You have the *power*, certainly," said his mother, "but I don't know about the right. Is it right to pain and mortify others when we can help it? Is it right to destroy the pleasure of a man older than yourself? Beside, Willie, you owe even more than courtesy to that man. Did you see his empty sleeve?"

"Oh! mamma," exclaimed Willie, in distress, for he had not looked carefully at his companion.

"He has been fighting your battles and mine," said his mother, "and he has fought them well. His shoulder-straps tell us that. And there is hardly anybody whom you can meet, Willie, whom it is worth while to pain."

"But, mamma," said Patty, "don't you always want me to sit still, and not talk to strangers? And isn't it impertinent to ask people where they are going?"

"It might be impertinent for you to ask the officer," said Mrs. Gray, "for you have been taught not to do it, and it is best for little girls to travel as quietly as they can; but Willie is

a boy, and ought to see that the officer meant to be kind and friendly, and knew no other way. The best way to keep real secrets, if you have any, is to be very civil about common matters; then people forget all about you. If you are rude, they remember you a great while."

"I don't want anything of *him*," said Willie.

"How do you know?" said Mrs. Gray; "that was what the lion thought about the mouse, and I should not be surprised if you wanted something of him very soon indeed."

Willie did not see how that could be; but only a very few minutes passed before he found that his mother was right.

The officer came back and paused beside Mr. Gray's seat. The clouds had broken a little, and the road passed near an old quarry. The loose stones lay all about, brightly tinged with the color that the rains washed down.

"That makes me think of the Alps," said the colonel.

Willie strained his ears, but he could not hear. He was very curious; he began to want something of the stranger. He dared not ask

a question, for he knew he had been rude. Patty was nearer; and she lifted her bright little eyes, and spoke up, hoping the officer would answer in a voice that Willie could hear.

"Were you ever in the Alps?" said she.

"Oh! yes," said the officer. "I went there once to measure some glaciers. Do you know my friend Agassiz?" and then, just as if he did not think it polite to draw Willie's attention, he went on to tell Mr. Gray, in a low voice, how lovely the colors of the rocks were in Piedmont. "This quarry makes me think of an old torrent in the Val Tournanche," said he. "There the porphyry is red, and the serpentine is purple; and the lī'chen, that grows on both, is yellow; and the spray from the torrent keeps them wet and bright."

"What is lī'chen?" said Patty; "and why don't it grow here?"

"It does grow here," said her father, "but not so freely as in damper and colder climates. Your mother and I found a great many kinds among the White Mountains."

"What is it good for, and how does it look?" said Patty, going straight to her point, as usual.

The officer laughed. "Perhaps papa can tell you, little maid," said he, "but I confess I can't; it is very hard to describe. Out where I came from, the people call it 'rock-moss.' Some of it seems just like a bright-colored scale, clinging to the rock; some of it looks like corals and jelly-fish; some is shaped like tiny ear-trumpets, and some like little fairy wine-cups."

"Patty," said her father, "you know one sort very well — that great, flat, green plate, which breaks out all over our fences at home."

"Is that li'chen?" said Patty. "I call it the *green measles*; but what is it good for?"

"That is easier told," said her father. "There is one kind, called 'rock-tripe,' which is very good for food, when no other can be had. It has saved the lives of fur-traders, up in the north, more than once. It really looks like tripe, too: one side is soft and velvety; the other is full of little cells."

"Tripe is nice," said Patty, decidedly. "Does the rock-moss taste good?"

"No," said her father; "but that is no matter when a man is starving. The warmer the climate, the thicker and pulpier the li'chen. The

reindeer lives on another kind; the Iceland moss, of which we make jelly for sick people, is still another sort; and a great many li'chens are used by the dyer, to make a purple, crimson, yellow, or brown color; but I don't know much about those. I have heard that they stain marble well."

"Ah, I can tell you about those," said the colonel, sitting down by Mr. Gray, and offering Patty his knee. Patty gave a quick look at his face, and seated herself.

"These li'chens are great cheats," said her friend. "There is a kind called orchal, — sometimes litmus, — from which a purple dye is made. It grows in England, and it grows in the Canary Islands, and it looks exactly the same wherever it grows; but that which grows in England is worth nothing at all. A good many years ago I gave three hundred dollars for a ton of English orchal. I wanted money very badly, and I hoped to sell it for fifteen hundred dollars; but when the man who was to buy it took a bit to try, he found it good for nothing. I had bought it for 'Canary.'"

"That was wicked," said Patty; but she

looked a good deal puzzled, and asked whose fault it was.

"Mine," said the officer. I was too ignorant; I ought not to have bought it."

"Lī'chens are not used as much as they were," said Mr. Gray, "because their colors fade. But, Patty, the lī'chen is a great truth-teller in one way. If there is ever so little soda anywhere near, the purple litmus turns bright red in a minute; so it is very valuable to the dyer; and a little bit of paper dipped in it can be used to find soda for a long while."

"Patty," said her mother, leaning back from the seat where she sat beside Willie, "do you remember a blue dress that you once had, that used to turn white in the hot sun? When you shut it up in a dark closet for a day or two, it would come bright blue again."

"That was my naughty dress," said Patty. "I had to shut it up to make it behave."

"Well," said her mother, "I believe there was some litmus in the dye. Sometimes they color the spirits in thermometers with this litmus, and in time they turn white, and you can hardly find them in the tube; but if anybody hap-

pens to break the tube, the bright color comes back."

"It is tired of being shut up," said Patty, "or else it wants the air."

"It wants the air," said her father; "that is it exactly. Many of these lī'chens are beautiful, or very odd. There is one kind that looks as if the fairies used it for a copy-book; and it gets its name from the writing with which, as Willie would say, it is all 'scrabbled' over. But the lī'chens do one thing that we have said nothing about yet. Patty, do you remember a little story that I read you out of my Norwegian book the other day,* how the heather, the pine, the birch, and the juniper, undertook to clothe the bare rocks that shut in the river; to climb a cliff, indeed?"

"O! yes," said Patty; "and how the rains and the brooks beat them back, and knocked them over; and how they had ever such a hard time, and thought they were to be ever so lonely; but as soon as the heather got to the top, she gave a great shout, and went over. There were lots of trees, all waiting for 'em."

* See Introduction to "Arne."

"Yes, said her father, "but something else climbed the cliff before the heather, or else the heather would never have found a spot for the sole of its foot. What do you think it was?"

Willie threw up his hand, as if he were at school; but his father stopped him.

"I have told *you*," said he; and Willie looked down ashamed.

"Was it lī'chen?" said Patty, thoughtfully.

"Yes," said her father. "In Sweden there is a kind that the common people call 'rock-breaker,' and that name really belongs to them all. They creep along over the rocks, with little bottles of acid hidden under their leaves; and wherever they spill it, it eats away the rock, and makes a little spot of earth into which the heather can climb. That is the way the forests follow. So God gives great work to little hands, sometimes."

All this talk had carried them through the thick fog. The police officer whom Patty had seen before now told them that they were very near the Capitol, but nobody could see it.

Aunt Sophie had so often told her little girl about that beautiful building, that poor Patty was ready to cry with disappointment.

"Will it always be fog?" said she, drearily, as they stumbled out into the dark and slippery street.

"It will certainly be foggy until you go to bed," said Mrs. Gray.

They waited a moment outside the crowded Dépôt. Mr. Gray beckoned to a black man, and pointed out his three bags.

The man threw one over his head, and, by a queer, jerky motion, poised it safely; then, taking a bag in each hand, he stood waiting for the party to pack shawls and wraps, and start for the friend's house on Capitol Hill, where they were to stay.

"I wouldn't live in a foggy country," shouted Patty, when they were once fairly in motion; "I wouldn't — no, not if you would give me all the world!"

"And the sunshine with it?" asked her mother, with a merry look.

"What good would that do?" said Patty, with disgust. "The sunshine's somewhere *now* — isn't it?"

CHAPTER IV.

PEOPLE AND PARTIES.

THE first thing that Patty knew about Washington was, that she did not like to be kept so long in the parlor, waiting for a welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. Gray had been invited to the house of a scientific man, whom we will call the Professor. The Professor and his wife had warm hearts, and their house was like a hotel, where all bright people, who could give a good account of themselves, seemed to come and go as they liked. The dark, foggy day kept Patty in the house until bed time, and she thought she had never seen so many wonderful people in her whole life as she saw that evening.

First came Dr. Hayden, who had just crossed the Rocky Mountains. He had hundreds of pictures of the country and the Indians, which he put into the Professor's ster-

eoscope, which he wanted all his friends to see at once, and which he talked about so fast that Patty could hardly understand him. He had been gone more than a year; he had found many strange and beautiful things, and the heat of travel was still on him when he came into the Professor's parlor.

"What a bustle he is in!" said Patty, speaking out to herself.

Dr. Hayden heard her, and, catching her up, set her on his knee.

"What is that?" said he. "What! When a man has been away a whole year, may he not be in a bustle when he gets back?"

"My uncle Willie has been away four years," said Patty, not trying to move.

"Oh! of course," said Dr. Hayden, making up a face. "Everybody knows uncle Willie, and nobody will be glad to see *him* when he comes."

As the doctor said this, jokingly, he flourished a sheet of paper that he held in his hand. It was covered with buffaloes, drawn with great spirit. One or two were lying down, their heavy heads flopping forward in a clumsy way;

but across the front of the picture a magnificent creature seemed to rush. His mane was flying; his tail whipped the air; you could see the strain on every limb. It caught Patty's eye.

"Oh! that is mine!" shouted she; "or, at least," she added, correcting herself, "it is Paul Kane's. How did it come here? Oh! my beauty!" and Patty took it gently from the doctor's hand.

"Who is Paul Kane?" said the doctor, looking very much astonished, but with a comical glance over one shoulder, which Patty did not see.

"Oh! he is the *best* man!" said Patty, earnestly; "and then he is so ugly! Why, he has red hair, not handsome hair, that looks like flame, but a real ugly, dull red, and he is covered all over with the small pox!"

"What! A chronic case?" interrupted the doctor, with a merry twinkle in his eye, and holding up his finger at Mrs. Gray, who would have stopped Patty's little tongue before if she could have got near.

"Chronic?" said Patty, looking puzzled; "that means all the time — doesn't it? but I don't care

about that. He is my friend ; and he must be somewhere near. He never goes away from his pictures."

Before Patty had quite finished, a strong arm had picked her off the doctor's knee, as if she were a big fly ; and, as she spoke the last word, she found herself sitting on the shoulder of a red-haired man, who, if you stopped to look at him, might, indeed, be the ugliest man in all the world. But nobody ever did look at Paul Kane. All the children felt his goodness and his power ; and in one minute Patty's little head was hidden in his red beard, and she was kissing him with all her might. "O! Paul," she said.

Then Mr. and Mrs. Gray pressed forward, also, to greet their friend.

"Now, *I* am good for nothing," said Dr. Hayden. "This man has been away seven years, and see what a kissing he gets!"

"But he hasn't just got home," said Patty, looking a little ashamed. "I guess I will come back, Dr. Hayden."

"Two words to that," said Paul, holding her fast, and looking curiously at her head. "What has become of the curls?"

“Dead and buried,” said Patty, so shortly that nobody thought of asking another question; “but, Oh! Paul, there is your pipe. I must go and look at it;” and before Paul knew it, Patty had lighted like a bird at his feet, and while her friend yielded to a hum of loving welcome, she found her way once more to the doctor’s side.

Paul Kane was one of the earliest foot-travellers in the north-west. After the time of the old Jesuits, who went out to convert the Indians, when Quebec was as much in the wilderness as Vancouver’s Island, a few Frenchmen, an English or American fur-trader or government officer, might wander along the rivers.

Two hundred and fifty years ago, Chauvin carried back to Paris a great many furs; but when Paul Kane started for the wilderness in 1845, his was the first white foot that had trodden many of the valleys west of the Mississippi.

Nobody knew much of the lofty rocks, the grand plains, the mighty ravines, or the tossing rapids that Paul found between Lake Superior and the Columbia River; and it was not till his

own beautiful pictures made them known to the people of Canada that they began to care about the country, most of which belongs to the United States.

Then a wise and good man began to think about it, and ordered Paul to paint a whole room full of pictures, that he might, some day, start a national gallery; and then the Parliament of Canada, half French, half English, ordered more, to be hung in their library.

Paul Kane was a poor Irish boy, who began life by painting chairs, and who, finding out one day, by accident, that it was much pleasanter to paint faces than roses, travelled all over America, putting people into picture-frames whenever they would pay him for doing it. At last he made so much money, that he went to Rome, where he staid four years.

Everybody liked him in Rome, because he had the free heart of a child, and he took to Italian as a fish takes to the water. The Italian rrs rolled off the tip of his Irish tongue with a ready burr; and Paul soon belonged to all the native art societies, into which strangers are almost never invited. When he got back to

Canada, he started at once for the great western wilderness, where he made the most beautiful and spirited sketches, and got together the most precious curiosities and costumes.

Mr. and Mrs. Gray had lived for a time in Canada, and they found Paul there, with his pictures, his museum, his garden,—where he spent most of the summer day,—a nice little wife, and two pretty babies. But Patty could not remember all that. Two years ago she had gone to Canada for a visit with papa and mamma; and the mixture of French and English manners, the chatter of the peasant people, who talk a Norman French, the quaint houses, with sharp, Norman roofs, made to pitch off the deep snow before it could leak into the garrets, the wide rivers, and the lofty trees, touched Patty's passionate little heart, and made her feel as if her journey were all a romance or a dream.

With this feeling Paul Kane had much to do. He was unlike any one she had ever met, and he had never seen such a little girl. He was never tired of showing his pictures to Patty.

Patty spoke the truth when she said that Paul never went far away from his pictures. He knew that his sketches were far better than any of his finished paintings, and no money would have bought one of them. He always carried the tin boxes in which they were kept whenever he went from home.

When Patty dropped down from his shoulder, she found her way to Dr. Hayden's side. He held in his hand a curious pipe, which all the people in the room bent to look at.

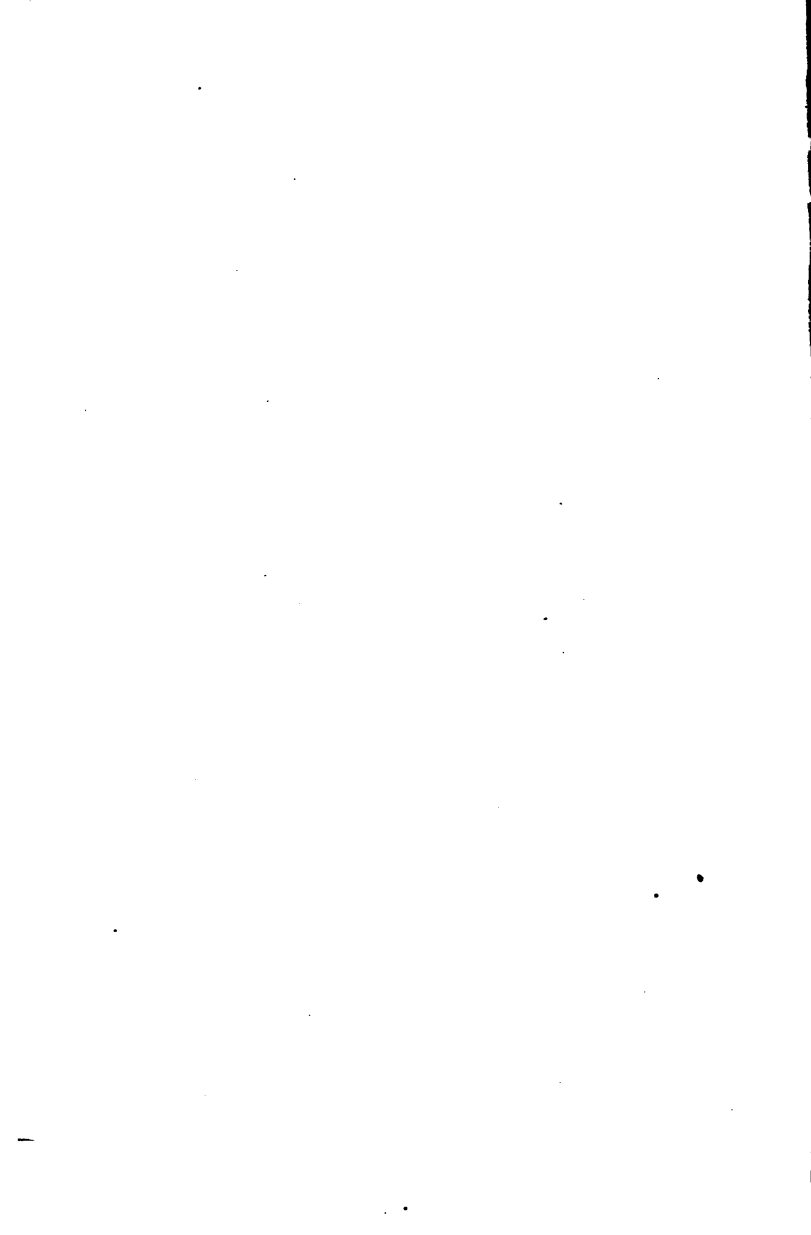
It was carved out of dark-colored stone. One end of it was hollow, to receive the stem, and the bowl was formed by a finely-cut head. Behind this head was the figure of a well-formed man, who seemed to be dressing its hair. On his own head he wore a cap, ornamented by a tall plume, and his hair was braided on each side, and turned back in lappets or wings, like those we see on Egyptian stones. Before the bowl sat another man, on a common chair, set on a mat, and at his feet was a modern barrel, about which he seemed to be talking to a boy of ten or twelve years old. All this was on a stone not five inches long.



PAUL KANE'S PIPE. Page 92.



CHIMNEY ROCKS. Page 96.



The figures were all naked, and beautifully formed.

Dr. Hayden looked at the barrel. "Rum!" said he, twisting up his mouth.

"Perhaps so," said a gentleman, standing near Mrs. Gray, whom Patty had not before seen; "but that bowl is the Egyptian Sphinx. Where did the fellow find that?"

Now, Patty was a very wise little girl in one respect. She had found out, long ago, that she must never interrupt others to ask questions, nor speak while they were speaking. If she did, she was sure to lose something which she would want to know, and no one could tell her afterward. She always listened to all that went on, and asked mamma about it when she went to bed. She wanted to know who this stranger was; but, instead of asking, she listened to Paul Kane, who answered,

"*Aw-bon-waish-kum* cut it with no tools but an old file and his knife. He brought it down to Manitou-wahning, to a Great Council, and I asked him the same question. He said his forefathers had always put the 'big head' on their pipes."

Here Mr. Gray introduced the stranger to Paul Kane. It was Dr. Bartlett, who had been to Berlin lately, and had seen Lepsius, and who had been talking to Mrs. Gray all the evening about the wonderful Egyptian museum in Berlin.

Patty's eyes glistened. You must not think it odd that this little girl knew who Lepsius was. A strange, far-away look came into her face; for it seemed very wonderful to Patty that she should see anybody who had ever seen him.

Just before Patty left home, she had heard her mamma reading about Baron Bunsen, who had persuaded the King of Prussia to send Lepsius to Egypt, to find out everything about that wonderful old country. One of mamma's Boston friends knew the baron well, and told wonderful stories about his gay heart and his learned head. Patty thought him the most wonderful man in the world; and so mamma had taken her to the Public Library one day, and shown her the great books, full of pictures of the strange things that Lepsius saw, and that the King of Prussia had had printed.

Dr. Bartlett looked closer at the pipe.

"It is the very thing — line upon line," said

he, "only this has a clearer look. It is hard to tell what the Egyptian faces are like. The best I ever saw was painted on a bit of plaster. Lepsius says, that when he sent it to Berlin, it was as bright as if it had just been painted; now it is damp and dark, and the paint is peeling away."

"Will they never come to their senses!" said the Professor, angrily, "those people over there? Why can't somebody send a mission to the Egyptians, and beg them to build a museum, to hold all the wonderful things the dry, hot sand has kept for them all these years, and which mould in a month, as soon as they get to Berlin?"

"They are doing it now," said Dr. Hayden; and while he went on to tell the company about the beautiful sunny rooms that a French officer is filling with strange things at Boolak, Patty turned to speak to Paul. She heard Dr. Hayden say something about a porphyry statue of the man who built the great pyramid. She wanted to hear, but she could not wait another minute.

"Paul!" said she, under her breath, "have you got the picture of *Aw-bon-waish-kum* now?"

Do you remember how funny he looked, with two stiff feathers tumbling out of his back hair?"

Paul stooped, and kissed her. He was so glad the little child remembered his pictures.

"Where *are* your pictures, Paul?" continued Patty. "I wanted to see them again."

Paul pointed silently to the centre of the group.

Dr. Hayden had stopped talking about Egypt. The flat, tin box was open on his knees. Patty peeped under his arm at two or three pictures. She saw a wonderful group of Indians, spearing by torchlight, on Fox River. She saw another of "Chimney Rocks."

"O, Paul," said she, "I remember the story about that."

"Do you?" said Dr. Hayden; "then tell it."

"No," said Patty, modestly; "Paul knows. He ought to tell it."

Almost all little children may remember how the Washington column looks in the pictures of the Yo Semite, which can be seen in all the shops; but these chimney rocks, where the Walla-walla River falls into the Columbia, are odder still. They are on a mound, which rises

seven hundred feet above the river, and are piles of circular rocks, about two hundred feet high, very like the pillars of the Giant's Causeway. They can be seen miles and miles away, standing dark against the clear blue sky. Paul laughed, and told his friends this strange little story.

"The wolf that lived on the Columbia River heard that the medicine grasshopper was eating all the grass on the banks of the Walla-walla, and that was the wolf's country; so he set off in search of the grasshopper.

"They were both so brave that they gained nothing by fighting; so, at last, they stopped to take breath, and began to boast about the creatures they had killed.

"Which of them had killed the largest number? Nobody could tell, unless they turned their stomachs inside out, and counted the hairs that were left in them. This hurt the grasshopper so much that he shut his eyes. As soon as the wolf saw it, he drew a pile of hair away from the grasshopper, and put it on his own side."

"I am sure that wolf was Reynard the fox," said Patty, when Paul stopped to take breath.

"He was first cousin to him," said Paul, good-naturedly.

"As soon as the grasshopper saw the pile of hair on the wolf's side, he gave up the contest, and proposed that they should change shirts in proof of their mutual forgiveness. The wolf consented, and striking himself on the breast, his shirt immediately fell away.

"The grasshopper stared; he did not know how to do anything like that. He began to take off his shirt by pulling it over his head. As soon as his arms were safely entangled, the wolf fell on him, and ate him up. Then the wolf went home.

"On the banks of the Walla-walla, he met three beautiful girls, who were building a dam to catch the salmon as they went up the river. Every day they piled up the stones, and every night the wolf tumbled them off into the river. At last they sat down and cried.

"'What is the matter?' said the wolf.

"'O, we shall starve,' said the girls; and they told him their story.

"'Marry me,' said the wolf, 'and I will build your dam.'

"The girls did not like him very well, but there was nothing else to do; so they married the wolf, and a long beach of large stones that runs across the Walla-walla, right opposite, is called the 'wolf's dam' to this day.

"For a good while they lived happily; but at last the wolf grew jealous. He set two of his wives up on the mound, and changed them into pillars of basalt. The other tried to run away, and fell down—a loose heap of stones. As for the wolf, he sat down to watch them on the other side of the river, where he soon changed into a rock himself."

"Effery people must haf its stories," said a German gentleman who had just joined the party.

"That is just like Lot's wife," said Patty, confidentially, to Dr. Hayden; "but the best of all was, that I should never have found out what sort of rocks they were, if Paul hadn't told me the story. I asked him, but he said he didn't know. No one had ever told him; and I kept teasing because in the picture they looked as if I had seen them before. So at last he told me this story; and when I clapped my

hands, and said they were basalt, he looked up and said, —

“‘Were they? I don't know.’”

Paul was listening with an absent air, that made it seem as if Patty's story might be true.

“Vat are the Indians up there?” said the German.

Paul did not answer.

“They are Flat-Heads,” said Patty, in a low voice.

“*You* are not a Flat-Head,” said Dr. Hayden, putting his hand into a basket at his side, and taking out what looked like two or three small bits of stone. “You shall have those to pay for the pretty story.”

“What are they?” said Patty.

“Oysters just two million of years old to-day,” said the doctor, with a positive air.

Either the German gentleman did not hear what Patty said about the Indians, or he did not believe her; for he said, “Mr. Kanè?” two or three times over.

Paul never stirred; his eyes seemed to pass through Patty, and rest on his beautiful sketches.

Patty drew near to Dr. Hayden. “Now you

will see why little girls may call him *Paul*," said she. "He never hears anybody that says Mr. Kane."

At this moment Mrs. Gray beckoned to Patty; and supposing that it was time for her to go to bed, Patty dropped a timid courtesy to the doctor, pressed a shy kiss on Paul Kane's hand, and ran out of the room after her mother.

"Mamma," said she, beginning her night talk as they went up stairs together, "mamma, you never keep anybody waiting that comes to see you. What made the Professor's wife keep us so long to-day?"

"Because she lives in Washington," said Mrs. Gray, laughing. "If I lived here, I should have to keep people waiting, or else I never should have time to do anything. Don't you see that our friend has never left her parlor since we came."

"O, mamma!" said Patty, "wasn't it nice to see Paul? But then, it isn't a bit like Washington; it is like living in all the world at once."

"And what *is* like Washington?" said Mrs. Gray, as she paused to light the gas in her chamber, from the branch in the upper hall.

"O, dressing, and beaux, and parties, and wine, and cards. Mamma, you know how all the girls talk. I never could live here at all."

"I am sorry for that," said Mrs. Gray, "for I brought you up here to ask you if you would like to go to a party for an hour or so. Do you think you could keep awake?"

"If you gave me some tea," said Patty, doubtfully, and very much astonished.

"I shan't give you any tea," said Mrs. Gray, "for I shall not be in the least mortified if you fall asleep; but there is a small party quite near us to-night, given by the pretty wife of a government agent. Your papa and I have some business with Chief Justice Chase, and we shall save a great deal of time by going with the Professor to Mrs. Wilson's. As we are strangers, we may take you for this once."

"But I have no dress, mamma," said Patty.

"O, yes," said her mother, "that nice white piqué will look very pretty with the bright ribbons that I did *not* forget to buy."

Patty smiled; and in a few minutes she stood with her mother in Mrs. Wilson's parlor.

Mrs. Wilson's party was just such a party as

you would never find anywhere except in Washington.

The Wilsons were from Indiana. They lived on the second floor of a small house in Washington, and could not receive more than forty persons in their narrow rooms. They borrowed a dining-room, still higher, at the back of the house, when they wished to give a supper. As soon as the Professor had introduced Patty's father and mother to Mrs. Wilson, the little girl crept into a corner, and began to look round her.

It was still December; so it was the fashion to say that there was "*nobody*" in Washington, and that "the season" of parties had not yet come.

Festivities begin with the New Year's parties at the White House. Then bright young girls come crowding from every part of the country, and shake out their gay dresses in narrow little rooms, eating very poor food, sitting in very empty parlors, and lying on very hard beds for a while, that they may see what "Washington life" is like.

A good many years ago, Dickens described

a Washington parlor as a square box, with red and white curtains at each end. The picture still looks a little like. Patty could not help seeing that the chairs and sofas were very common, such as no lady and gentleman would like to see in their own house, and that the vases and red and white curtains were really vulgar. But the dresses of the ladies were elegant, and nobody seemed to think about the room.

Patty found out the chief justice in a moment, his handsome head was borne so proudly on his noble figure. She knew that Judge Chase had been the friend of the slave in his very darkest days, and she liked to see him sitting on the sofa between her mother and a tall, slender, dark-haired man, whom somebody called a senator from New Jersey. There were two or three generals in the room, and Patty heard their names, and was sure she had never heard them before. What had they been doing all through the war? Did anybody know? Then there was a nice old commodore from Virginia, with a fat wife. He had been in Boston fifty years before, and everybody had been kind to him. As soon as he heard there was a lit-

the girl in the room, who belonged to Boston, he seemed to think he must look after her. Wouldn't she like something to do? and, after he had talked a little while, he looked round for a picture-book; but all the tables were bare. He came and told Patty.

"O," said she, laughing, "the people are pictures!"

The old commodore followed her eyes, and thought so too. The people were well mixed. Some were young and some were old; but three young girls, more pretty than most, were receiving all the attention of the lively young men.

"Why don't somebody speak to that girl in the corner?" said Patty. "Has she done anything?"

"And how can those three girls talk to so many people? I should not think they would know what they were saying."

"Do you see that pretty dress?" said the commodore — silver lama over blue satin? Isn't that a charming girl?"

"Not when she opens her mouth," said Patty; "but how came *you* to know it was 'silver lama?'"

"I don't know," said the fat old man, shaking all over; "everybody learns here in Washington. What is the matter with her mouth? Hasn't she pretty teeth?"

"She said, '*Hadn't ought,*'" said the little Boston girl.

I don't think the commodore understood; but at this moment Patty's mother called her, and introduced her to Miss Nettie Chase, and young Mr. Stanton, the son of the secretary of war.

"You will not remember my little girl when you see her next," said Mrs. Gray to the young people; "but she knows Judge Chase and Mr. Stanton so well already, that it will always give her pleasure to remember you."

The young lady put out her hand kindly, and Patty lifted a pair of clear blue eyes to her face.

"Have you seen the Capitol?" said Miss Nettie.

"No," said Patty; "it has been a fog ever since we came. I want to see it in the brightest sunshine. Do *you* think it is handsome?"

Now, Miss Chase had just been in Europe, and might be thought to have her head full of finer things; but she answered warmly,—

"O, yes! there is nothing handsomer in the whole world!"

That made Patty love her at once; but she only said, "I am so glad!" and then her mother led her away to the supper, which was laid early for Judge Chase, who had to go to another party. "Two parties!" said Patty, in amazement. "Not so well off as that," said the judge, who had given Mrs. Gray his arm. "It will be three before I get through. I advised Nettie not to try it."

Supper was spread in a very low, but good-sized room, which had been built for a bed-chamber. Some sail-cloth was bent round a part of an upper piazza, and that space was used as a kitchen. It was just under the windows, and Patty could hear the oysters sputter as they fried over the gas stove. Some stupid people stood just in the way of the door, and every time the waiters went in or out, something dripped over the costly dresses.

Patty had seen very elegant tables both in Boston and Baltimore. She knew in a moment that this was by far the most costly and beautiful table she had ever looked at. She knew,

also, that there was more wine on it than she had seen in her whole life. The ladies soon finished their fruit ices, their standing jellies, their soft crabs, and salads, and then the champagne corks began to pop. Patty did not wonder that every lady wanted one glass of champagne, it was such a pretty pink color, and sparkled so gayly; but it troubled her to see them drink two or three. She wished the wine-glasses were not so bright, and did not shine in so many colors. Why did people make them so?

Perhaps the next half hour was the most painful of little Patty's life. The ladies did not put down their glasses when they finished the champagne. There were a great many kinds of wine on the table, and there were few who did not taste two or three. There were also several kinds of cordial and *liqueur*. Mr. Wilson, a pleasant man, who looked as if he had never done a wrong thing in his life, took a bottle in each hand, and went to each of the gentlemen, and begged him to try a new sort. At last he went up to the chief justice. "It is 'Diamond Dew,'" said he, and the judge let him pour it into his glass — a very tiny one.

Patty shut her eyes. She was determined not to see Judge Chase take "Diamond Dew."

Mrs. Gray, watching her, knew what she felt.

"O," thought she, "if all these people could read my Patty's heart, how sorry they would be to offend one of these 'little ones'!"

When Patty opened her eyes, her father was just refusing to take "Diamond Dew," with a jest.

"It comes from Peru," said Mr. Wilson, in a coaxing tone.

"And lemons come from Sicily," said Mr. Gray, helping himself to lemonade; "that is more classic ground."

Patty's eyes sparkled; she knew that her father was not afraid to take wine. He could use it when he was ill or tired. Even brandy was always kept in the house; but her little eyes sparkled to see him refuse it here.

This drinking was something that pained Patty very much, although she had never heard it described in her life, and could not know how it would end. As they went down to the street, Patty said, —

"Mamma, what did they go for? They didn't have a good time."

"To hide their thoughts," said Mrs. Gray; "but see, Patty, there are the politicians. Listen a moment."

Patty listened. A room on the ground floor was full of people—a committee of Congress, perhaps.

"If you can't find four to vote for this bill, I can never promise to vote for yours," said a man.

"No matter," said the other; "I'm tired. I've followed Jack long enough."

"Whatever you do, Stanton will never give Bill the place," said another.

"But the North expects it," returned the first.

"What 'll Massachusetts pay?" said the second speaker.

"Don't let the judge hear," said a fourth. "*His* ermine mustn't be soiled."

Then there was a coarse laugh, a rap on the table, silence, and somebody said,—

"No trifling, gentlemen; this matter must be settled before we part."

Patty could not understand a word of all this,

but she got an idea from it, as her father intended she should.

Confusion, selfishness, a longing for power, all seemed to her to be striving in that room; and her father said,—

“Patty, I am afraid we left the same things among the ladies up stairs.”

“Yes,” said her mother; “and now Patty has seen how all sorts of people amuse themselves in Washington.”

Patty did not answer. Her father lifted her in his arms, and in a few minutes Mrs. Gray was undressing a little girl who was sound asleep.

Patty never knew how late she staid out that night.

CHAPTER V.

THE COLORED SCHOOLS.

WILLIE thought it was quite late before Patty woke up the next day. The sun did not shine, but he thought he could see the outline of the great dome, through the mist, and he hoped his father would go with him to the Capitol.

Before they had done breakfast, however, Mr. Mélan came to call on Mrs. Gray, and to propose a visit to the colored schools. This pleased aunt Sophie, who could not stay long in Washington, who could not go away until she had seen the schools thoroughly, and who would much rather have a bright day for the Capitol.

Patty looked at Mr. Mélan with interest. He was from New Orleans, a man of wealth and station, who had cared for the blacks from

the very first, and who had been President Lincoln's dear friend. His dark hair and thin cheeks showed his French blood. When he could no longer serve the colored people in Louisiana, he came to Washington to watch over their interests near the White House; and now he was a practising lawyer in the District of Columbia.

He brought with him this morning a Captain Lane. Captain Lane was a person worth seeing. He had studied law for three years in the Inner Temple, and *then* came home, and fought, under brave old Farragut, all through the war. He had been twice *brevetted* for bravery. What does that mean? Why, that the Senate of the United States, hearing of brave things that he had done, wrote on a piece of paper a "brief" or "brevet," that is, a *short order*, which gave him a new and higher rank in the army. That was his reward.

While Mr. Gray explained this to Willie, Patty said, — her eyes all glowing at the name of Farragut, who had done such splendid things at Charleston and New Orleans, —

"What is the Inner Temple, Captain Lane?"

"I don't wonder you ask," said Mrs. Gray. "I was a great deal older than you are, Patty, before I found out, and a hard time I had of it."

"It is a great Law School," said Captain Lane, "one of the Inns of Court in London."

"What are Inns of Court?" said Patty. "I don't know *them*?"

"Mr. Mélan is a scholar," said Captain Lane; "perhaps he can tell you."

"You know the old French word 'hotel'?" said Mr. Mélan, turning to the little girl; "you know it did not mean a big boarding-house?"

"Yes," said Patty, "it was a great *family* house. Mamma told me once that the '*Hotel de Guise*' meant a large house in Paris, where all the Guises had a right to go."

"*All* the Guises," said Mr. Mélan; "and so when we build a house for *all the world*, it comes to be called a hotel. Well, two or three hundred years ago, an Inn, in England, meant a family house in the same way, and great professors had classes, and taught law in their own houses, and at last, when the classes crowded out the professors and their little children, they called the houses Inns of Court."

"What has the 'Temple' to do with it?" said Patty. "I saw *that* name in a book."

"There are four large schools in London," returned Mr. Mélan — "Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn, — houses which used to belong to the Earls of Lincoln and Gray, — and the Inner and Middle Temple. You have heard of the old knights who went to the crusades, perhaps? The King of Jerusalem gave them a house near the Temple, and so they came to be called Templars. At last they grew rich, and spread all over the world. They had three houses in London — the Old Temple, which has been pulled down, and the Inner and the Middle Temples, which the lawyers bought for Law Colleges."

"And what is Temple Bar?" said Patty.

"That is a gate in the old wall of the city, near these very Temples. The wall was Roman, almost two thousand years old, but this gate was the work of Sir Christopher Wren, not quite two hundred years ago."

"I am glad I know," said Patty; "but why couldn't I find it in the Dictionary?"

"In the Encyclopædia," corrected aunt Sophie; "because you did not look for the right word. You should look for Inns of Court."

In a few moments the whole party were dressed and ready to go out with their friends.

Captain Lane took them, on the way to General Howard's, to a school under the charge of Dr. Parker, where thirty young colored men were preparing to be ministers, or at least readers of the Bible to their own people.

Aunt Sophie, who loved to hear the Bible read, was very much pleased with this school. One of the young men read the story of Ananias and Sapphira, and another that of Jesus and the woman of Samaria. Mrs. Gray said she wished all the white ministers could read as well, and reading seemed to be the only thing taught in this school. People couldn't go very far wrong, Dr. Parker thought, if they listened to simple, earnest Bible reading. If they had that, they could find out about God's love, and the life of Jesus, for themselves.

"Yes," said Mrs. Gray, hesitating; "but if you say that, you must teach your readers the meaning of all the old-fashioned words; you must explain all the customs which differ from ours; you must tell them when a word is translated wrong, and explain all about the country, and the governments, of which the story tells."

"Do *you* do that with your little girl?" said Dr. Parker, quickly.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Gray, looking astonished.

"Perhaps *we* shall in time," said Dr. Parker; and he left his readers, and walked with the party to General Howard's.

Mrs. Gray was very sorry to find General Howard had gone away. Major Saxton and Mr. Alvord were in the office, and quite ready to do anything to help her. They sent for Mr. Kimball, the gentleman who had the care of the city schools. He brought with him a government ambulance, which seemed like a very poor summer omnibus, in which the party might go from school to school; for the schools are very far apart, and no one could walk from one to another without taking two or three days to visit them all.

Little Patty turned pale when she heard Mr. Kimball say, "The *ambulance* is ready."

"Were there ever any wounded men in it?" she asked.

"O, yes," said Mr. Kimball, carelessly; "but you needn't be afraid."

"Afraid?" said Patty, not understanding; "it is just like going into a church. Mamma, it makes me think of Mr. Bond."

"Then, my darling, it must give you happy thoughts," said Mrs. Gray; "for the ambulance Henry Bond rode in was just as near to heaven as the little church where you saw his body lying afterward, covered with sweet flowers."

"And I feel so sorry for the men that did it!" said Patty, her lips quivering; "they will know who he was, some day — won't they, mamma?"

"Will you tell me about your friend?" said Captain Lane, kindly, to Patty. "Who was Mr. Bond?"

"He was Willie's Sunday School teacher," said Patty, "and Willie loved him so! He used to do all sorts of kind things for the boys, and he was always so good! When he went to the war, we all felt badly; it did not seem as if he could fight. In the battle of the Wilderness his jaw-bone was broken all to pieces, and he was so hot and feverish, and wanted cooling things! but when they gave him a lemon, he would not use it, but said it must be given to those who needed it more."

"That was like Sir Philip Sidney," said Mr. Mélan.

"Yes," said Patty, with the dreamy look in her eyes; "mamma says we had so many Sir Philip Sidneys in the war that we couldn't remember them all."

"Ah," said Captain Lane, looking pleased, "that is the reason why I never heard of your friend Bond."

"Three hundred years ago," said Mrs. Gray, "the world knew of but one; now we can count them by tens among the boys of sixteen. Patty, don't you see that the world does *get on*?"

A smile sparkled all over Patty's face as she looked up at her mother. Neither of them told what they thought to the friends who sat by; but in a minute Patty said, —

"I haven't half told you. He lay in the hospital close to Barbara Frietchie's house for three or four days, and then they tried to carry him away. Mosby's men found him right by White Oak Church, and told him to loose his horses. There were only wounded men in the ambulance, and before anybody could obey, the robbers fired right upon them. Mr. Bond fell to

the ground; he was forward with the driver. I am glad I don't know which of them did it," continued Patty, slowly. "He lay there all that night, and in the morning they thought he was dead. There was only one pleasant thing—his father met him, and his dear sister could comfort him for the next two days. Then he died."

"You forget the pleasantest thing of all," said Mr. Gray.

"That he was ready?" said Patty; "we all know that, papa."

"Patty," said Dr. Parker, "are you sure you love the man who fired that shot?"

"Love him!" said Patty, her little face growing white, and her eyes opening wide—"love a man that would fire on the wounded? Why, Dr. Parker, *God* can't love him till he says he's sorry."

Dr. Parker had his answer, and everybody was quite willing. The ambulance stopped before a lonely-looking building on M Street.

"This is Miss Mann's school," said Mrs. Gray to Patty. "I asked to come here first, because she is the niece of Horace Mann, who

did so much for the schools in Massachusetts. When she first came here, she had the care of little children that were just like little animals. She had to teach them even how to eat; and she had a great deal of trouble; and the harder she worked, the more fault people found with her. Now, if she has a nice school, I shall want to tell everybody about it."

Miss Mann knew Mrs. Gray by name, and came forward gladly to meet her. She gave the whole party seats by herself on the platform. Her school was one of the highest divisions of the first District Grammar School. As Patty took her seat, her little eyes travelled all round the room. United States flags were crossed over the teacher's desk; pictures were hung all round the room; Patty saw the face of Horace Mann and William Lloyd Garrison, and some pretty photographs of beautiful Italian ruins. One she thought looked like the Roman Coliseum. There were some mottoes round the school-room in bright-colored letters. Tiny little flags floated from the inkstands on several of the desks; perhaps they were pen-wipers. Beautiful maps, drawn in colored chalk, were

on the black-boards. A class was reading; the children were from nine to fourteen years of age. They read as well as the children in the Boston schools, which Mrs. Gray had lately been to see.

"How nicely they speak, mamma!" said Patty, bending forward; "but she looks very strict."

"Our Father in heaven is very strict, Patty," said Mrs. Gray; "but Miss Mann is loving also. If she had not been, all those maps would have been drawn in white chalk."

Then Patty remembered that the little negroes liked bright colors, and that some of the teachers would buy the colored chinks with their own money to gratify this taste, although they had so little to use for themselves. She knew that other teachers taught geometry and geography in little rhymes, which they wrote themselves, because the *sing-song* caught the ear of the children, and helped them to remember. Ah, little Patty, the world gets on! What would Master Malison have thought if anybody had asked *him* to take all that trouble? It was a good deal easier to use a birchen rod.

While Patty was thinking, the children turned from their reading to the black-board: one of them wrote .375, which meant thirty-seven and a half cents, instead of 3.75, which would mean three dollars and seventy-five cents. Then Miss Mann showed how patient and faithful she could be. She went back to what her little girl perfectly understood, and, without a word of reproof, brought her to see her own mistake; but it took a long time. All the school watched, and if the little girl answered wrong, every brown hand went up. At last, the numbers were written right without a word of direct help from Miss Mann. Then they recited geography. The atlas did not give the outlines of Yucatan correctly. Miss Mann asked somebody to bound it. One of the boys put up his hand, and did it. Miss Mann asked who taught him. He said he saw it in the newspaper.

"Did *you* see it in the newspaper?" said Mrs. Gray to Willie; but Willie blushed and shook his head. Then Miss Mann told the children that it was almost useless to learn to bound the states of Central and South America, and Central Europe, they changed outline so often. She

thought the new way of teaching a great deal better, where the great natural marks in a country were studied. Neither revolutions nor rebellions could level the Rocky Mountains, nor fill up the bed of the Mississippi, nor destroy the water-shed of the Amazon, though they might split Virginia into East and West. What is the water-shed, little girl? Just think. Isn't it the slope, high or low, sharp or gentle, that sheds the rain into watercourses, the watercourse into brooks, the brooks into rivers?

It was nearly time for recess, and aunt Sophie rose, and asked how many children read the newspaper. Almost every boy rose.

"And the girls?" said aunt Sophie; "doesn't any little girl read the newspaper?"

Two girls of twelve rose timidly, looking very much ashamed.

"What do you boys read it for?" said Mrs. Gray.

"O, I'm a Democrat!" answered one fellow, who looked as if he would come all to pieces if you took him up by the neck.

"What is a Democrat?" continued Mrs. Gray.

"A man that loves the people," returned the boys, quickly.

"Very well," said Mrs. Gray; "that will do; but be sure you don't let any Democratic papers teach you to hate the people, especially the black people. But why do you read the papers?"

"To see who's going to be President," shouted a bandy-legged little fellow about six years old.

"And how Yucatan is bounded," said Mr. Gray, speaking for the first time; "but don't the girls want to know?"

A neatly-dressed girl said, "Girls don't vote."

"They will vote very soon," said Mrs. Gray; and they must get ready." All the children laughed. Miss Mann called up the young girl who had spoken, and showed Mr. Gray her dress, prettily ruffled. Miss Mann had taught her to make it for herself. Mrs. Gray was very much gratified; but it was time to go.

"When everything is right, there is nothing to say," she said, smiling, to Miss Mann; and then she turned to the children, and told them that one thing in the school pleased her even more

than the good recitations ; and that was, the good behavior. They spoke with a pure accent, and in very good grammar. No little girl thought of saying "hadn't ought." Then they carried themselves modestly ; feet and hands were in their right places, and they spread their dresses neatly whenever they sat down.

The children were delighted to hear this ; for these good habits had been hard to form, and loving looks followed aunt Sophie when she went out of the school-room.

Patty gave one bright backward look. Her mind will always keep the picture of the little girl in the ruffled calico, with her white vandyke and scalloped apron.

This little child looked after Patty also, and the eyes of the two children met in a cordial good bye.

CHAPTER VI.

HOWARD UNIVERSITY.

IT was now recess in all the colored schools ; so Captain Lane thought they had better drive out to Howard University — the most distant point Mrs. Gray wished to visit. Recess would be over before they could get there. They drove out to the north-east of the city to the end of Seventh Street, and the carriage wound up a hill. Here, on the height, it was quite clear and sunny ; but when Patty looked back, she found that the fog hung thick over the city still. Howard University is meant for the colored people. It has a very big name ; but when Mrs. Gray went to see it, it was a very small school. New and beautiful buildings were to be put up, and Patty saw something quite strange in the walls that were partly raised. She thought at first that they were built of brick ; for the stones were shaped exactly as the

ornaments over the doors and windows required, and were of several colors—blue, slate, red, and buff. "Did they grow all ready?" said Willie, looking very much puzzled.

Then Captain Lane explained to the children that this stone was *artificial*. It did not "grow;" it was not cut out of any quarry, but was moulded, by human hands, in little wooden boxes.

"I am afraid it will not be very strong," said Mr. Gray, who looked with pleasure at the soft colors and graceful outlines of the new wall. "I see there has been some crumbling already."

"Then there is bad work," said Mr. Mélan; "for there is nothing stronger than such stone can be. The Spaniards built all their old forts with it. It has stood better at St. Augustine than any quarried wall."

"What do they call it?" said Patty.

"*Concrete*," said Mr. Mélan; "but that only means that it is made of loose grains of sand, or small stones, held together by pressure."

They went into the school; and Patty sat as patiently as she could, while her mother listened to some recitations in English and Latin, under Miss Lord and Mr. Coombs.

"They were just like *white* lessons!" Patty said, with some indignation. Indeed, it was quite amusing to see, that, so far on her journey, Patty felt a good deal disappointed about the colored schools—the children were so clean and nice, and they behaved so well! Then they recited quite as well as the children in the district schools of New England, where Patty had sometimes gone with her mother.

It did not seem strange to her to see tiny little Emma Toomer, with a clear face and blue eyes, only six years old, reading in the same class with an awkward, shambling black boy of twenty, who could not speak half as good English. In the country school, the farm-laborer, with coarse, brown skin, that the sun has often touched, slouches over his book in the same class with the squire's dainty daughter, fluttering with ribbons and flounces fresh from New York; and little children who go to school all the year, recite from the same book as the grown boy, who can only go six weeks in winter.

Patty had seen this more than once; but in Washington the schools were even more like common country schools. The free blacks who

live there were prepared for education. Many of them are rich; and here at the University, in what was called the Normal School, the scholars were grown up, even if they were not of the same age.

There were sixty pupils in this school; twelve were in the Latin class; and although Mrs. Gray wished in her heart that they were studying English, she saw that they were doing very well. On the same bench with the rest was a man who had gray hair. He had kept shop in Washington for many years, and was determined to know something "before he died." He had a little money. He was going to school until he had spent it all. Then he would earn a little more, and try again. He was not a bit ashamed to sit, with his gray hairs, by the side of the young girls, and was so patient with his own mistakes that it brought the tears into little Patty's eyes. As she listened to the classes, she could not help seeing, that, although they read very well, every pupil found it hard to pronounce some one letter, or perhaps two.

When the Latin was over, the classes began to sing. Their voices were sweet and full.

Patty's thoughts floated away on the music, and she forgot where she was, and what she was hearing. All at once she wondered why they sang hymns: for her part, she liked the negro "Spirituals" much better; and she whispered to Miss Lord, and said so.

"They do not like anything that reminds them of the time when they were slaves," said Miss Lord. "Down on the plantations, you know, they will not wear the red and yellow cotton that their masters used to give them; they must 'do as white folks do.' These girls and boys were never slaves, but they have the same feeling."

"I cannot believe they have only been at school two years," said Mrs. Gray, turning to the teacher, and speaking of two young girls with whom she had been talking, "they are so quiet, orderly, and fond of their work."

At this moment, Miss Lord began to exercise the class in the sounds of the letters of the alphabet. Patty knew very well that the name of a letter was not its power or sound, but she had never heard such an exercise before, and it amused her very much. Such queer shouts, and hisses, and long breaths, she had never dreamed of.

"What do they do it for?" she said to her mother.

"To teach them to speak distinctly," said Mrs. Gray. "You know how they break and spoil their words. In Boston, we do the same thing, and it is a great help to the little German and Irish children."

"Oh, yes! mamma," said Patty. "It makes me think of 'old Jem.'"

"Who is 'old Jem'?" said Captain Lane.

"Oh, mamma taught him at Readville," said Patty. "I never saw him, but she told me about him. He was very bright, and he always would spell l-o-v-e, '*lub*.' Mamma told him, and told him. One day he said, 'Niggers can't say it!' Mamma opened her mouth, and told him to look into it. He looked. 'Is there anything in my mouth that you haven't got in yours?' said mamma. Jem burst out into a laugh; and after that, he spelt as well as anybody — 'Just like white folks,' he used to say."

Captain Lane smiled. "That was a very good lesson," said he. Mrs. Gray looked at her watch, and asked to see some of the schools taught by colored teachers, before it was too late.

They were "toted" away in the ambulance to a school on O Street, where Mrs. Gray was very glad to go, because it was taught by a teacher in the employ of the Mayhew Circle, in Boston. Mrs. Gray had once belonged to this Circle, and she wanted to see Miss Brown.

Miss Brown's best scholars were named Clarence and Lucy. Clarence was a lame boy, about sixteen — very quick at figures; and Lucy, a little girl of twelve, who was very bright, but could not recite very well with strangers in the room. Miss Brown was the best colored teacher they had seen; but even Patty missed something in the school.

"Mamma," said she, as they came out, "what makes the colored teachers want to show off the girls? The white teachers just let them recite."

"I suppose it is quite natural that they should," said Mrs. Gray. "When you think how hard it has been for these teachers to prepare themselves, Patty, you will see that they cannot help wanting to prove that they are fit for their work."

Then there was a little talk between the Grays and Mr. Kimball. There are a great

many colored people in Washington, and several were on the school committee. These men felt very anxious that colored people should teach in the schools; and so the white teachers had gone away from many schools, and young, half-trained colored girls had taken their places. "It will not last," said one of the gentlemen; "perhaps it is just as well to have it happen now, as any other time. As soon as the colored people find out that the children don't learn, they will be as much troubled as we are." "Washington will have colored jurymen and a colored mayor before long," said another. As Patty heard this, she felt, for the first time, a sort of awe. She saw that freedom meant something.

"A little while ago," she said to herself, "people buried them outside the churchyard walls; now they manage the schools, and teach the children, and are going to be mayors!"

They went into two or three other schools, and found colored teachers. I believe no one spoke a word about them, for the whole party felt sad. The gentlemen knew that the schools were not as good as they had been before the change, and Mrs. Gray was wondering how she

could help the poor girls to do their duty better. It was best, she thought, to see some of them alone. In one of the schools a queer thing happened ; but it showed how bright the colored people are, and how soon they will be able to teach their own schools. They went into a room where a delicate, pale, colored girl was teaching. She was far too shy to give any lessons while strangers were by ; but she greeted Mrs. Gray kindly, and asked her to speak to the children.

As Mrs. Gray moved forward to do so, she caught a glimpse of the black-board, and she saw that it was covered with punctuation marks, set in this way :—

, ; : . ! d

“I see you have been having a lesson in punctuation,” she said ; “the little girl who stood at the black-board last, writes a very pretty hand ; but she has made a mistake. Can any of you tell me what it is?”

The children stared, but did not answer. Patty happened to be looking at the shy young teacher, who stood with her back towards her, looking at the black-board. The little girl saw

the back of the teacher's neck and the rims of her ears turn suddenly white, and she felt in a moment that it was the *teacher* who had set the copy wrong.

Aunt Sophie went to the blackboard, and added a mark to the line, so that it read in this way:—

, ; : . ! g ?

"Which of those marks is right?" said she.

Every hand went up, and voices shouted, —

"The last."

"But you could not tell what was wrong when I asked you?" said aunt Sophie.

"Not till we saw the other," said one of the boys; "but we know now."

"I hope so," said aunt Sophie; "it was not much of a mistake."

She did not try to say more, for by this time she guessed the truth; so she told them how far she had come to see them, and how, years before, she had taught the colored people by a dark lantern, in the dead of night. Now they could study in the daylight, like other children, ought they to waste a single minute? The children shouted, "No!" and aunt Sophie turned

to leave. The colored teacher came forward, and lifted a pair of soft, dark eyes to her face. "Thank you," said she, trying to swallow, but choking a little, as if something very big and hard were in her throat. "Thank you for correcting the mistake." "It is I who should thank you for bearing it so sweetly," said aunt Sophie; "but, you see, I did not know;" and so they parted.

They went into one other room, but the confusion was so great that Mrs. Gray could not bear it. By this time it was half past two, and it is one of the vexatious things about Washington, that people and places can only be seen between ten in the morning and three in the afternoon.

"Can we get to Ford's Theatre before it is closed?" said Mrs. Gray. "I must go there, and it is my only chance."

I wish you could have seen the colored driver hurry up his horses. How the old ambulance did shake! They got to the door of Ford's Theatre just as the gentlemen who take care of it were leaving it; but one of them turned back, pleasantly, with his keys. Patty knew very well

that this was the place where President Lincoln was shot, and she was very much surprised to find herself in a large, light room, filled with bottles, carefully set on shelves, and photographs of sick soldiers, and cases, filled with what Willie called "*sick bones*." She had expected to see the stage and the blood-stained box of a dusty, disused theatre.

"How did they dare to touch it?" she whispered to her mother, when she had been told that Ford's Theatre was now a great medical museum.

"That is one way the world *gets on*," said Mrs. Gray. "Abraham Lincoln's death made the place sacred. Wiping out the traces of the sin it makes us angry to think of, makes it still more so; and if, as *you* think, little Patty, the world gets on by knowledge, which is power, our cruel war has helped it already. Here, on these shelves, we see how diseases may be cured, and lives saved, in ways nobody thought possible before."

"Ah!" said Captain Lane, "a good many of us are walking round on legs the surgeons would have cut off, if they had had the time."

"Yes," said Mrs. Gray, smiling, "and a great many legs will be trusted to get well in future, that would have been cut off, if yours had not got well."

Mr. Mélan said that Booth's skull was in the museum, but no one was allowed to tell which it was.

Patty's eyes sparkled. "That is right," said she; "that is 'getting on' again, mamma, in your way. Some people would have shown it for money."

Captain Lane took Patty to the window, and showed her the spot where Spangler held Booth's horse, and the alley along which Booth ran, as he escaped, with the broken, tortured leg, whose loose bones could never have pricked him half so sharply as his conscience.

Patty looked at them silently; but when Captain Lane took her to the front door, and showed her the windows of the room where our dear friend panted out the last few hours of life, she turned her head away.

"I like to look up when I think of him," she said. "You know he loved little children, and was so sorry he had not a little girl!"

They went home to a late dinner, but the hot oysters went right to Patty's heart, and drove away her serious thoughts.

Best of all, papa's kind friend, Professor Baird, came, after dinner, with some beautiful books for Patty.

"Oh!" said Patty, as soon as she saw them, "I should like to live in Washington, if I could only live in this house."

"What are you saying about my house?" said the Professor, drawing near.

"Only that I like it so much!" said Patty. "Every day I see a new person, or hear a new thing, and it goes right on so all through the year."

"How do you know?" said the Professor. "Have you found out how old the oysters are that Dr. Hayden gave you?"

"No," said Patty; "but there are older things, I know. When he said two million of years, he just meant that he couldn't tell. Willie asked me how many ants there were on our peach tree last summer. I said a million. I only meant there were more than I could count."

"But Dr. Hayden's guesses are nearer than

yours," said her father, smiling. "Patty, you know you can dissolve white sugar in a cup of water; but if you let it stand a certain time, the water will dry away, and the sugar lie in a hard crust at the bottom of the cup. Some rocks are made in this way. They have settled down into a hard crust, after being mixed in the waters of the earth. We can tell how long it takes for such crusts to form; and then there are the coral reefs of Florida. Wasn't it twenty thousand years that Agassiz said it had taken the coral rock in Florida to grow?"

"I don't believe he knows about the sugary rocks," said Patty, decidedly. "How can he tell how many tips the cup has had?"

"There would be a mark to show him," said Mr. Gray. "Some of the sugar would harden on the side; a very little, perhaps, but enough to show."

Patty's eyes brightened; she had caught a new idea. "Thank you, papa!" said she, and then she gave a merry shout, for Professor Baird had opened a volume of Gould and Hooker's humming-birds, and put it on the table before her.

She was very silent for a little while, and then she said, simply, "The flowers are beautiful."

"Yes," said Professor Baird, rather astonished, "Sir William Hooker drew them; they are very strange and beautiful — but don't you like the birds?"

"Yes," said Patty, reluctantly, as she turned over the leaves, "I like these little nests with tiny eggs, hidden in cobwebs, and bark, and moss, so that naughty boys can't find them. See what a long beak — as long as my finger — that little bird has, who lives on that flower with such a deep cup! And I like those paddles that that other has to steer himself through the air with, and oh! what pretty pantalets — ruffled and frilled, white and black — some of the others wear!"

"See how bright their throats are," said Mr. Gray.

"What do you call the marks, papa?" said Patty; "they are very different: that one looks as if he wore a ribbon."

"We *call* it a ribbon," said the Professor. "There is another with a cravat, and that one has a locket."

"What a pity they couldn't stand still!" said Patty, thoughtfully.

"What!" said the Professor.

"While he painted them, I mean," said Patty, looking up innocently. "See how he has twisted their legs, and necks, and bodies. I don't like 'em for birds, Mr. Baird; they will do for fairies, or pixies, or elves, but they are not birds."

"Why, Patty," said her father, "these are the most famous painted birds in the world."

"Are they?" said Patty, in a dismal tone.

While she spoke, the Professor drew away her book, and set another before her. It was open at a picture of a blue-bird, and the drawings were Wolff's.

"Oh!" said Patty, "that is a real bird. Did this man ever paint humming-birds?"

"If he did," said the Professor, "I have not seen any of them here. Mr. Gould never saw a live humming-bird. He painted all his pictures from stuffed birds!"

"Oh!" said Patty, "how could he? Why, if you only stuff a pigeon, it don't look like itself. Willie had a pet chicken, and when

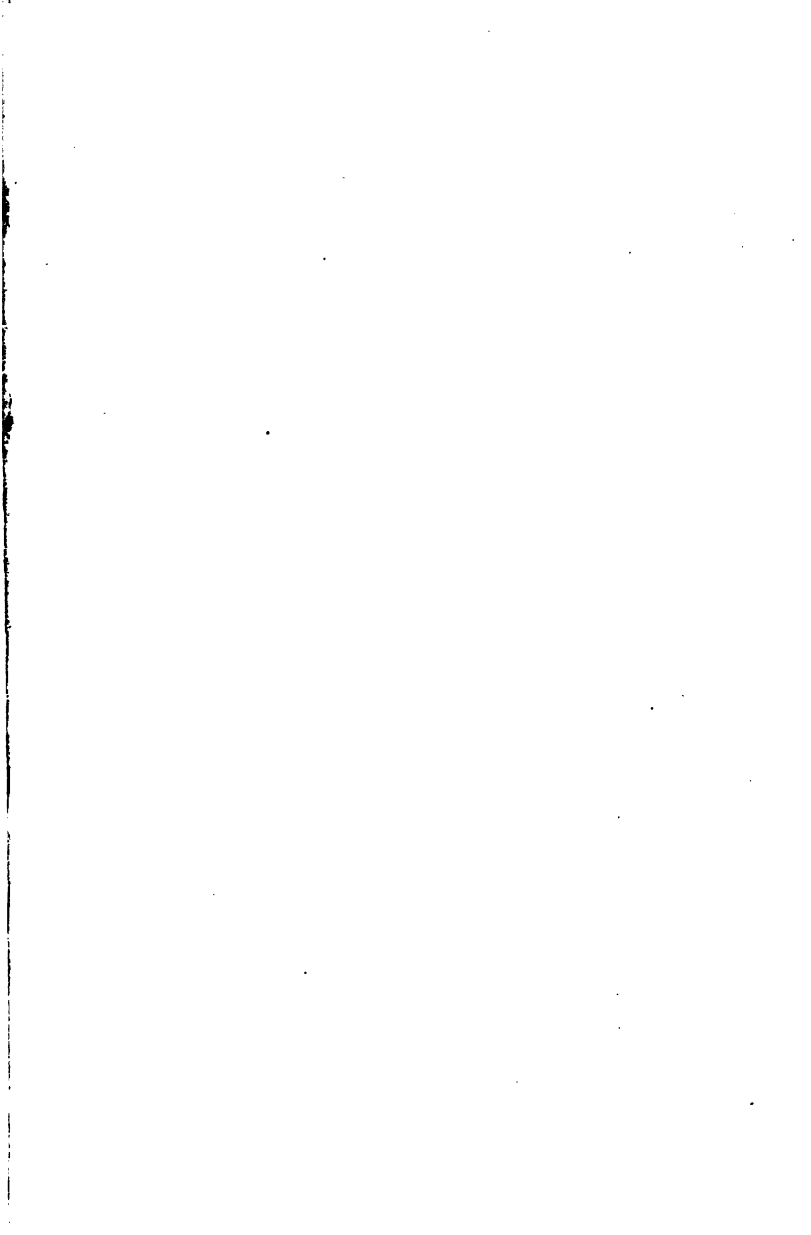
they stuffed it for him, they made it look as if it came from Africa!"

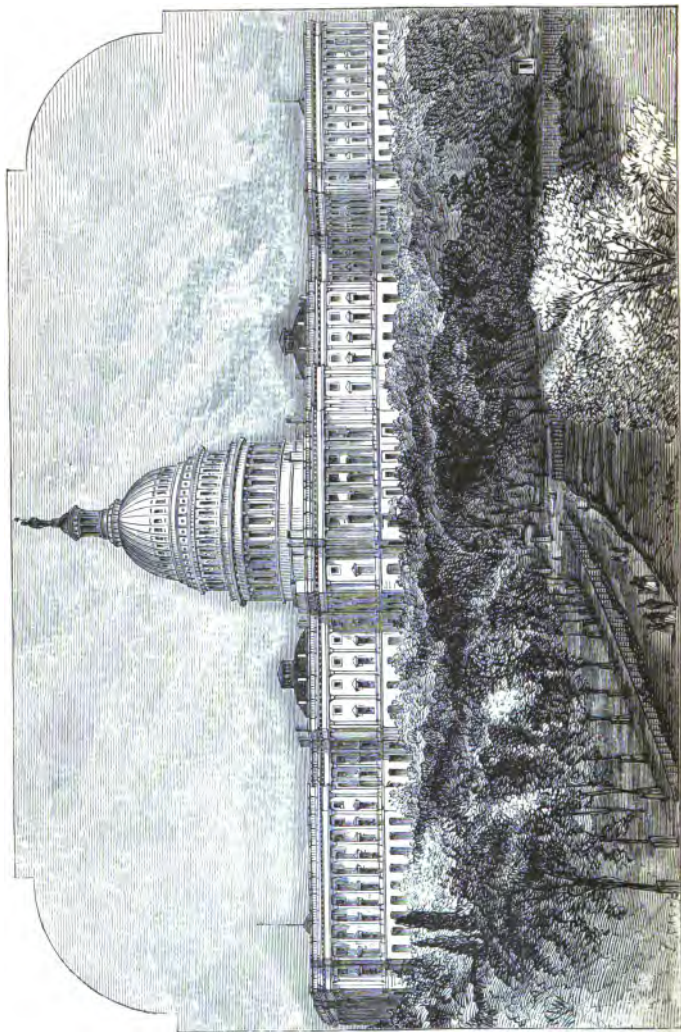
Everybody looked with pleasure at Wolff's birds, and Patty was not tired of them, when her mother led her up stairs to bed.

She was too sleepy to ask more than one question.

"Mamma, was the College as good as Miss Mann's school?"

"No, indeed!" said Mrs. Gray.





THE CAPITOL.

CHAPTER VII.

OUTSIDE THE CAPITOL.

NOTHING could be lovelier than the winter sunshine, into which Patty looked when she opened her eyes the next morning. Her little naked feet pattered across the floor, and there standing, white, and still, and beautiful, against the blue sky, she saw the Capitol itself.

"Does it really belong to us?" was the only question she asked herself; for Patty felt herself an American in every fibre of her little body. "How did we ever come to have anything so pretty?"

The white dome rose against the sky so grandly! It was higher than Park Street steeple, in Boston, against which Patty had measured everything that went up into the air, ever since she could remember. That was only two hundred and eighteen feet high, and papa said

the Capitol was three hundred. Crawford's statue of Liberty stood calmly on the very summit.

"We can never get above *her!*" thought Patty; and the rising sun, striking the helmet and lance, inlaid them with gold, and made the heavy figure — three times as high as a tall man — seem as light and graceful as a child.

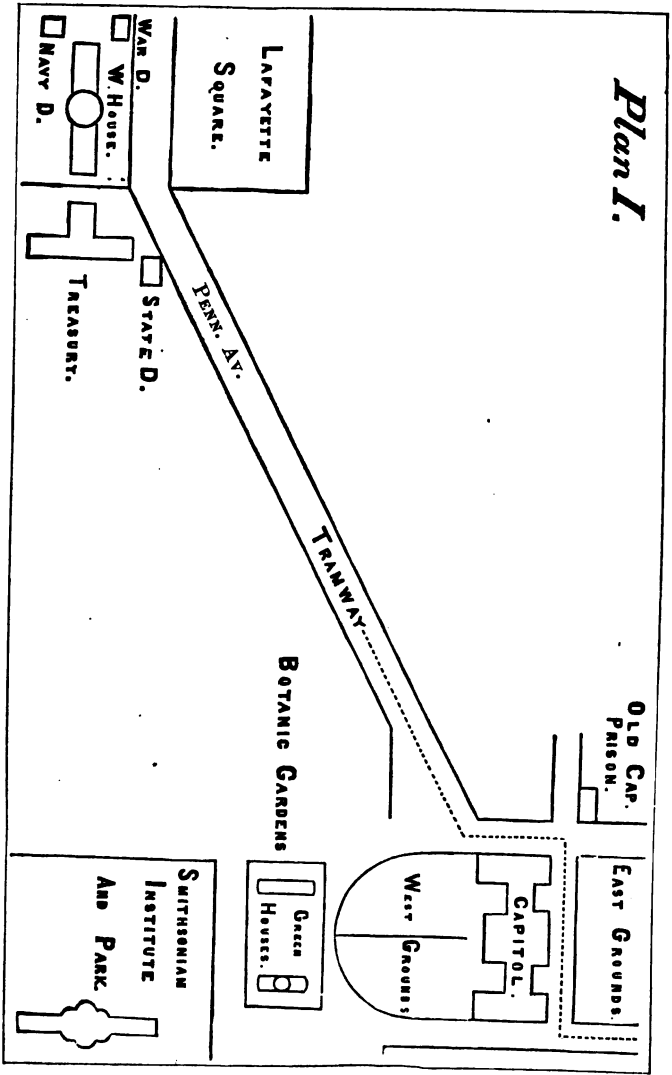
At breakfast, mamma told Patty that she should give the whole day to her and the Capitol.

"You shall see it thoroughly, Patty," she said; "and then, if you cannot come here again, you will never forget it."

They had hardly risen from breakfast before Mr. Mélan and Captain Lane came to go with them to the Capitol. They went down the hill from the Professor's house, so as to enter the grounds from the lowest point. Mrs. Gray drew a few lines on the back of an old letter, and showed them to Patty.

"This is the west side," said Mrs. Gray, stopping Patty just as she was stepping into the grounds. "Stand here, and recollect that this is called the back of the building. It was in this west park that your father and I took our first walks together. Since then the great park,

Plan I.



which holds the Smithsonian Institute, has been laid out, and the Botanic Garden, with its two noble green-houses, has helped to make the grounds larger; but nothing will ever seem fairer to me than this west ground was then."

They went up the steps, passing the white marble column, ornamented with statues, which was set up in memory of those who died at Tripoli in 1815.

When mamma had told Patty the story of this monument, — how it was because Algiers *made slaves of white men* that we declared war against her, and sent our vessels to fire into her cities, until she was forced to set them free, — little Patty flushed all over.

"I never heard of this monument at all," she said; "and I don't wonder. Here it stood all those years, and we kept the *black* people in slavery! Why didn't *they* tell us of it? I should think they would have been ashamed to put that Indian * there one single minute before Lincoln was President!"

* On this monument an Indian represents the genius of America, which is Liberty. Patty thinks we had no true liberty before this last war.

They passed on to the beautiful little fountain at the base of the west front. Here Mrs. Gray had hoped to show Patty a view of the city; but the trees had grown so that this was now impossible.

"Patty," said her mother, "when the Capitol was put here, it was expected that the whole city, even the President's House, would be built on the broad top of Capitol Hill. That is the reason the building fronts the east. We call this the back of the building; but it looks down Pennsylvania Avenue, right into the door of the White House."

"Why didn't they build the city on the hill?" asked Patty.

"Because some foolish men bought up all the land, and held it at so high a price that the government could not buy it; and if the government did not come to Capitol Hill, the people in its employ could not," replied her mother. "Daniel Carroll, of Duddington, owned a good deal of the hill; and land on and near it was bought by companies. I knew two gentlemen who were ruined by their purchases; one was a dear old man called James Greenleaf, the

brother of my old friend Mrs. Cranch. He had married a very pretty woman in his youth, who had been Maid of Honor to a Queen; and he used to show me her picture on ivory, as if it were a very great compliment; and so, indeed, I thought it. The other was a half-brother of Lord Ellenborough, — a Mr. Law, — who made money in India, and lost it all here. The first thing I ever heard of him was, that he forgot his own name, and could not get his letters at the post-office. As he was hurrying away in great trouble, a Quaker gentleman passed him, saying, —

“Good evening, Thomas Law.”

“Oh! thank you,” said the poor man, running back to get his letters.”

“But, mamma,” said Patty, when she and Willie had laughed heartily at this story, “what made the people so foolish?”

“All the land that Pennsylvania Avenue is now built on,” said Mrs. Gray, “was then a deep marsh, and they felt sure their land must be bought; but it was cheaper to fill up the marsh.”

At this moment Patty made a little turn, and

saw that the pleasant sloping bank of green she had been looking at was built against a stone wall, and thrown forward so as to hide a part of the basement. "What is that, mamma?" she asked.

"It is a *glacis*," said Mrs. Gray. "The same thing happened to the Capitol that happened to the great pyramid at Ghizeh. It was brought too near the edge of the hill, and so there is one storey more on its west side than on the east, and that spoiled the buildings. It looked too high, and this bank was put here to cover the basement, by Mr. Bulfinch."

"Who planned the Capitol first?" said Patty.

"I am glad you asked," said her mother; "for the first beautiful thought was his, and it has only grown a little in later hands. It was Dr. William Thornton, afterwards Superintendent of the Patent Office. Washington laid the corner-stone in 1793."

"But who *built* it, mamma?" said Patty.

Mr. Gray and Captain Lane had been talking apart. As they came near, Mr. Gray heard Patty's question, and answered for mamma.

"Who built it, Patty? Ah! we ought to re-

member that ; for it was a man who did what he could to make Boston beautiful. Down in Bowdoin Square, where the 'Coolidge House' stands now, there was once a grand old house, with a large garden. In England they would have called it a manor. It had panelled walls and inlaid floors. Big wood fires used to blaze in the chimneys, and Reynard the Fox, drawn in bright blue, played his pranks on the tiles that shone round the jambs. When I was a boy I used often to go into the garden at recess, for there was a famous Seckel pear tree in it. I would hold up my blue apron, and the boys of the family would throw down the pears into it."

"How nice!" said Patty, her eyes sparkling.

"But, papa," said Willie, "how came *you* to wear a blue apron?"

"All the boys did," said Mr. Gray, laughing, "queer as it seems now. It is more than a hundred years since Charles Bulfinch was born in that old house, where his father and grandfather had lived in honor. Mr. Bulfinch was rich, and he did not like trade ; so he went to Europe and studied architecture."

"But, papa, how did he make Boston beautiful?"

"Ah! Patty," said her father, "there have been so many changes! It almost makes me sad to think that you cannot remember Boston — the quiet, pretty town it was when I was as old as you are. It really looked as if one man had built it all, and that man was Charles Bulfinch."

"Why, papa," said Willie, full of frolic, "I thought the cows laid out Boston by wandering back and forth to their pastures!"

"So they used to say," said Mr. Gray; "and it was just as they laid it out that Mr. Bulfinch found it. He was not only a good architect, Patty, but a good man, and all the people loved him. Boston had no mayor then, for it was not a city. It was a town; and for twenty-two years Mr. Bulfinch was chosen to what would have been the mayor's place if it had been a city. He was all that time *Chairman of the Selectmen*. This was a proof of his sweetness and good sense, because in making Boston beautiful he spent a great deal of money, which the people would not have borne if he had been a bad man."

"What did he *build*?" persisted Patty, who grew a little impatient over this talk.

"He built the old monument on Beacon Hill, which stood there before the State House," said Mr. Gray, laughing kindly at his little daughter, "and the State House itself, a far handsomer building as he planned it, than as it is now built. You know old John Hancock wouldn't give land enough for the wings. He thought he couldn't spare his gardens; and the wings of the State House now are just half as long as they ought to be. Mr. Bulfinch built a good many churches—the Old Park Street spire, I believe, among the rest,—a crescent of pretty, well-proportioned houses about the monument to Franklin, on the spot we now call Franklin Street; a new street by the water's edge, graceful and uniform when I first remember it, now Charles Street; the Massachusetts General Hospital; the Hospital for the Insane at Charlestown; and the long, fine range of private houses reaching from West to Boylston Street, which we called Colonnade Row, before you were born. There was something about all these buildings that showed they were the work of

one man, and that—a man of good taste. There was nothing showy or foolish about any of them.”

“How came he to build the Capitol?” said Patty.

“I had almost forgotten that we are in Washington,” said Mr. Gray, smiling; “but you love Boston, too, little Patty, and you will forgive me.

“You can never guess what a hard time we had getting this beautiful Capitol of ours. It was a long time before we could decide where to build it; for all the States were jealous, and each wanted it for herself, or wanted the money and influence she thought the government would bring. It ended by our taking a little piece of land from Maryland, to be governed by the people of all the States, and to belong to no one whatever. That was the wise way General Washington settled it; and he chose a spot for the city itself, which he had often looked at when he was encamped in the neighborhood with General Braddock’s troops. He thought that a great city might well grow up here; and now there are no longer any slaves, I think it will soon be seen that he was right.”

"Papa," said Patty, "what is the 'meridian' of Washington that I see on the map?"

"A line drawn North and South through the middle of the city," said her father. "It was drawn directly under the sun at noon, and all the streets and squares were drawn about it. It was a very hard thing for a great people to build the Capitol, Patty, and two or three men tried in vain to keep their tempers and do the work. The first builders had a great deal of trouble about the Dome; and in 1814, when the British entered the city under General Ross, and burnt the Capitol, the President's House, and other buildings, they found only the two wings finished. There was no Dome for them to burn. After it was destroyed, there was a great deal of bad joking about it over the water. Our English cousins thought we were very silly to build a city. They thought we ought to wait for it to grow; but they did not quite understand us. In 1817, Mr. Monroe, who was President of the United States, came to Boston. He had known Mr. Bulfinch before; but now, when he saw how fond he was of domes, Mr. Monroe felt as if he had found the right man to build the great

Dome in Washington. He asked him to go there, and Mr. Bulfinch said yes. He staid twelve years, and finished the building."

"Did he make it just as Dr. Thornton planned it?" said Patty.

"Almost exactly; but, as mamma said, the building was pushed too far to the west, over the brow of the hill, and it is this western side that does Mr. Bulfinch credit; the library, the *loggia*, or beautiful covered porch, which looks down over the city, and this bank, built to hide the lower story—are all his work, and show great skill."

"Papa," said Patty, looking thoughtful, "do you suppose that this bank will ever tell all the secrets of the Capitol, like the bank at Ghizeh?"

"What does the child mean?" said Captain Lane.

"Papa told me the other day," said Patty, "that some French and English people had been digging into the great bank before the pyramid, and they found it full of chips of every kind of stone the builders had used. They found two kinds of stone—one of them green,

and very rare—that must have been brought a great many miles, and that cannot be seen anywhere in the building; so they think there are some chambers that they have not found, in which the beautiful green stone is hidden.”

“The *diorite*,” said Mr. Mélan, waking up. “Yes, Patty; and this bank might settle the age of certain things also. If the British burn the Capitol again, and dig open the bank after, they will find no chips of Tennessee marble, or the beautiful white marble from Lee, in Massachusetts; so they may be sure that the bank was built before the new wings.”

“How nice!” said Patty.

“Patty,” said her mother, “if you have no more questions to ask, we had better go in, for we have talked a great while.”

“Oh, mamma!” said Patty, in distress, “can’t you draw me a map? You said you would.”

“A map!” said Mrs. Gray, puzzled for a moment; “oh! you mean a plan. Will you have it now, or after you have been through the building?”

“Now,” said Patty; “or I shall never know where I am. Papa, haven’t you an old envelope for mamma?”

Captain Lane took out a new card, and Mrs. Gray sat down on the stone step near the fountain, and drew Patty's map. All the party watched her with pleasure and curiosity. At last Captain Lane said, —

“But you are drawing the old Capitol!”

“I must,” said Mrs. Gray, “or she will not understand. Patty, I shall draw the Capitol as it was when I first saw it, as Mr. Bulfinch left it; and I shall leave out all the stairways, and lobbies, and small rooms, so that you may get a clear idea of the order of the building.”

“What are lobbies?” said Patty.

“Outside rooms,” said her mother, “where people may loiter to listen or talk. The name comes from a German word, *laube*, a walk covered with leaves. In the Capitol, it means outside entries, near the large halls, where people go to coax or bribe those who make the laws.”

I have copied the little plan that Mrs. Gray drew on the card, and if you look at it, you will understand all she said to Patty.

“I like mamma's plans,” said Patty, as she took the card in her hand; “they are not a bit confusing; they tell me just what I want to

know. I remember the very first, mamma, when you drew the nursery at home, and put in every window, and table, and chair, and even baby's blocks on the floor. I have always liked maps ever since."

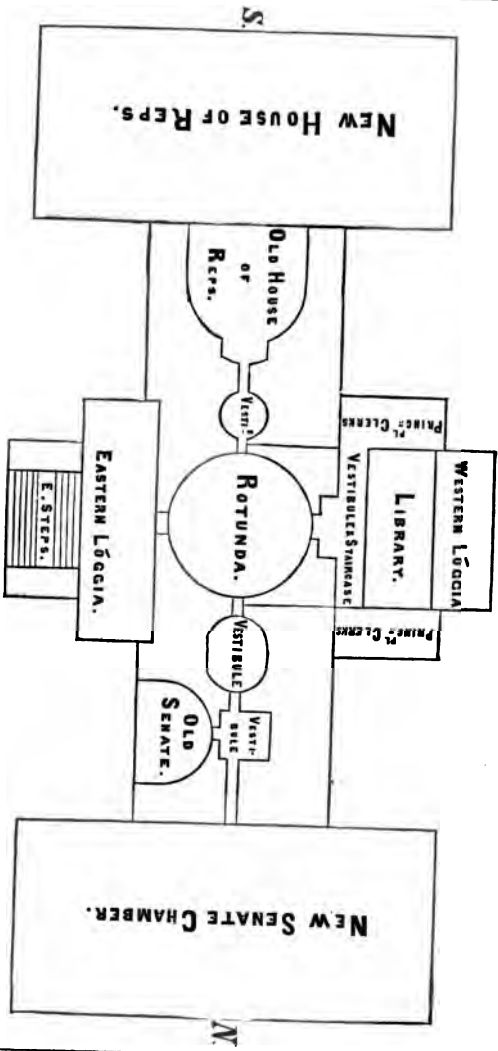
"Let us look at this," said her mother, smiling. "In the middle of my plan you will find the old building, as I said; but I have drawn the two new wings, that you may get an idea of what has been added at each end. These wings contain the new Senate Chamber, and the new Hall for the House of Representatives, and two beautiful stairways. Besides this, the central dome has been raised, and the small domes over the two old wings have been hidden, and the porch on the east side, which seems so small on my plan, has been carried all round the building; so the whole centre seems a great deal larger than it used to do."

"Mamma," said Patty, "how can I find my way about; and is the Capitol only one story high?"

"The plan will help you to find your way about," said her mother. "This shows you the ground floor—shows all the rooms you think

Plan II.

W.



EAST FRONT.

of when you say, *The Capitol*. Beneath it are two more. The basement, on the east side, is filled with rooms for the committees that do or undo the work of the country. Here, too, the Law Library, and the Attorney General's room may be found, and a great forest of Doric columns, holding groined arches on their stout shoulders, which support the floor of the great, round hall we call the Rotunda. This is called a crypt. They say this *crypt* was made like the temple of Neptune, at Pæstum, the most beautiful Doric temple in the world; at all events, it is much more lovely to see than some of the gayer things on the upper floor."

"Mamma," said Patty, "where is Pæstum, and what is Doric? Is it what uncle Will used to call *Dooric*, because he didn't like the stumpy columns?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Gray; "it is the oldest and simplest form of building among the Dorian Greeks. It was meant to represent trunks of trees, square beams, and well-laid planks. As for Pæstum, that you must find for yourself on the map. A true Doric column is only four times as high as it is broad. The crypt

opens underneath the eastern portico, into an arched passage, and that into a covered carriage-way. You can see the arches on each side of the steps, in all the pictures. Under the crypt there is another basement, opening under the brow of the hill to the west, just where we stand by the fountain. In its centre was the vault which was built to hold the body of Washington; and here, too, I believe, is the great kitchen which cooks for the eating-rooms up above, and the rooms where all the heating and lighting is done."

"Shall we see those, mamma?" said Patty, brightening, for she was a nice little house-keeper.

"If you like," said Captain Lane, pretending to gape; "but, Mrs. Gray, how did you ever find all this out? I have been here for four years, and it always tires me to think of my way about."

"I began right," said Mrs. Gray; "very much as Patty is doing now. Besides these basements, Patty, there is the attic — low chambers around the corners of the domes, which hold books and papers of importance to the

public business. They call them *document* libraries. They are very much like the old libraries you read of, which held manuscripts only."

"Now my head is all clear," said Patty, jumping up.

"Then open your mouth and shut your eyes," said Mr. Mélan, "for after all this talk, I am hungry. We will go and have something to eat."

"One minute more," said Mrs. Gray. "Patty, when you go up the east steps, you will find yourself in the great domed hall, which you call the Rotunda, which only means a round room. If you go straight forward, a door opposite will lead you through the library, and out into the *loggia*, just over our heads. If you turn to the right, you will go through the Old Senate Chamber—now the Supreme Court Room—to the New Senate. If you turn to the left, you will go through the Old Hall of the House to the New Hall, and you will find the Old Hall turned into a gallery for painting and sculpture. The senators assemble in the north wing, and the grand staircases which lead to their galleries are of white marble, and it is

their retiring-room that people call the marble room. The representatives gather in the south wing, and the soft Tennessee marble gleams up and down their stairways. Have you got it now?"

Patty sat still for a moment with Captain Lane's card in her hand. "Yes," said she, at last; "but, mamma, I *am* tired."

"So am I," said Mrs. Gray; and Mr. Mélan caught up Patty, covered her eyes with his hand, and ran under the arch-way. In a very few moments — nobody ever knew how — they were all in the large room, where the public are allowed to lunch. Patty made herself happy over a bowl of stewed oysters; and then she ate a slice of tongue and some bread and butter. Mamma said 'no!' when Mr. Mélan tempted them all with jellies and cakes. Only the gentlemen ate sweet things; the rest were all too tired.

At first Patty was very still; but at one of the little round tables near her, some English people sat, eating oysters and scolding because they did not taste of copper, like those in the English Channel. This vexed Patty a little; but they

went on to talk of the trial of Jefferson Davis, and then they vexed her a great deal more. They talked very loudly, and our little party could not help hearing what they said. The newspapers had been attacking Judge Chase, because he did not hurry the trial. Some of them said the Chief Justice had gone over to the rebel side, and wanted to let Davis off. Nobody liked that, and people everywhere were wishing that it was all over. The English people thought the Americans were very blood-thirsty; they said it was disgraceful to a civilized people to persecute their enemies. The war was over — why not let the man go? and they began to talk very hot and fast, just as if it were something they could understand.

“There was a man tried to shoot Queen Victoria, once,” said Patty out loud. “I wish he had!”

The older people were talking, and nobody heard Patty but Willie. He drew a long whistle through his lips, as if he had not heard right.

The English people went on talking, just as if they had nothing in the world to do but plague poor little Patty. Patty was determined to be heard.

"People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones," said she, in so loud a voice that everybody started. "Mamma, wasn't the Professor reading about an English officer to-day at breakfast, who gave up his sword because the English King didn't know how to spare an enemy?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Gray, in a very low voice. "It was Colonel Whitefoord, after the battle of Preston."

Patty knew very well that her mother's low tone was intended as a rebuke to her. She saw the scarlet flush rising on her mother's cheek, but she did not want to stop. *Somebody* should stop those hateful people! Why didn't her father do it?

"Why, Patty!" said her father, as soon as they had left the room, "what was the matter?"

"They were hateful people," said Patty, not yet quite ready to melt into tears. "I wish they had a Jeff Davis of their own!"

"They have had a good many," said Mr. Mélan, "and I don't think they ever spared one. But, Patty, you and I know how brave and forbearing our people have been. I think we might as well keep still."

I can't tell what Patty would have answered ; but Mr. Mélan caught her up once more, and in a few moments they were on the east side of the Capitol, standing by the great statue of Washington. Not that they might look at it, — for although a Boston boy made it, it gives very little pleasure to anybody, — but that they might look at the Capitol, from one end to the other, before they went in.

CHAPTER VIII.

INSIDE.

MAMMA," said Patty, as they drew near the great steps, and her eyes kindled with pleasure, "what is the Capitol built of?"

"The old part is built of sandstone," said Mrs. Gray; "it crumbled so badly that we had to paint it white to hold it together. The new parts are of white marble."

"I can't tell which is the marble!" said Patty.

"That's right," said Captain Lane. "I will remember that the next time we propose to take down the old sandstone."

Mrs. Gray stopped Patty a moment, and made her look back over the hill from the steps. Two or three tramways run between the Capitol and the park on the east side. Cars run over them—east to the Navy Yard, west to the White

House and other places. The road was very dusty. Mrs. Gray told Patty that before the war this was quiet and almost grassy. On each side the steps and over the porch were many sculptured figures. Mrs. Gray pointed out Greenough's group, but advised Patty not to look at them closely.

"Take in the whole effect," she said; "each of these things was made to add to that. They are not wonderful; but, taken together, they are very beautiful."

Patty looked up in her mother's face with trustful eyes. She did exactly as she was told. They stepped forward into the Rotunda.

"Now *I* am to have a surprise," said Mrs. Gray. "When I saw this last it was ninety-six feet high; now it is two hundred and three."

Between the four doors that lead out of the Rotunda are eight large pictures of scenes in the history of the United States. Over each door and above the pictures are bas-reliefs, carved in sandstone, which has been painted like the outside of the building; and then the beautiful dome soars up almost out of sight, all painted in fresco, with lovely bright-colored

groups, by an artist called Brumidi. A gallery runs round the Dome, so that people can see the fresco near. It melts into thin air when you look at it from the floor.

Mrs. Gray thought Patty too young to enjoy all these things. She took her to Trumbull's picture of the Declaration of Independence, and pointed out the persons whom she thought Patty would remember. She made her look at the room in which the signers were assembled, because that, too, was a portrait. Patty could find Carroll, and Adams, and Franklin, for herself.

"I want you to look at this well," said her mother, "for it is really the best picture in the room. John Randolph called it the *shin piece*, because he thought the legs of one of the senators showed too plainly, and a great many people have heard that who will never see the picture."

"Spite is immortal," said Captain Lane, laughing.

"Is it?" said Patty, very much surprised, for she thought everybody spoke in earnest; but just at that moment she caught a glimpse of Poca-

hontas in another picture, and ran to look at her. Then her mother drew her attention to the carved panels over the doors.

"You must look at those, Patty," she said; "they were cut by pupils of Canova, Caucici, and Capellano, and they give me great pleasure. See, there is Pocahontas again, saving John Smith from the Indians."

"What a pity we have put her in twice!" said Captain Lane; "since, after all, it seems she never did it!"

Patty was speechless. She looked at her friend as if she thought he had lost his mind.

"You are just like my uncle Will," said she; "he says there is no William Tell; but he can't get anybody to believe it."

"Don't you believe it?" said Mr. Mélan.

"I?" said Patty; "how can I? *There is a William Tell for me*, and I guess there was a Pocahontas for Captain Smith."

"Perhaps she didn't save him," said Willie.

"What did he love her for, then?" said Patty.

Mrs. Gray led the way to the library.

"When I used to come here," said she, as they opened the door under Pocahontas, and

went out, "there was a whispering gallery in the old Dome; but I am afraid the new one has no such wonder." Then, turning to Patty, she added, "This Library was a place where I once spent a good deal of time; but I did not come to this room. The Library has been twice burned—once by the British, and again, about eighteen years ago, by accident. It was Mr. Jefferson who first thought of this library, and he had it catalogued in a way of his own. Very pleasant and easy it was to use. In each of the alcoves there was a table and chair; and from every window such a lovely view! We cannot stop now, Patty, to see all the wonderful things the fire may have spared. There was a series of French medals, designed by Baron Denon, some of whose pictures you have seen in Napoleon's great book on Egypt. Washington Irving gave those to the library."

"What! Rip Van Winkle's Irving?" said Patty, her eyes sparkling.

"Yes," said Mrs. Gray, smiling, "that very one. In those days he was our minister to Spain. There were also two beautiful busts, said at that time to be superior to any in the

United States. They represented Lafayette and Jefferson. I remember the bust of Jefferson very well. I believe it was given to him by the artist. It stood on a black marble column, and that on a circular pedestal, girded round with lovely babies' heads and sculptured signs of the zodiac. On this pedestal were some verses, full of the praises of Jefferson; but, in some way, he contrived to hide them, for none of his own family had ever seen them when the bust was given to Congress."

"I know one thing about Jefferson," said Patty; "he hated slavery. It was he who said, 'I tremble when I remember that God is just.'"

"For just that reason he need not have trembled," said Mr. Gray, who had been looking for Mr. Spoffard, and now drew near to bring him to Mrs. Gray.

"There was a beautiful portrait of Columbus here in those old days," said Mrs. Gray, after she had greeted the librarian; "it was believed to be painted from life."

"Mamma," said Patty, "it is very nice to hear about all the things *you* saw; but I want to see something for myself."

Mr. Spoffard laughed. "Will you look at Audubon's birds?" said he.

"O, no!" said Patty, disappointed; "I know *them* all by heart."

"Here is something you will like," said Mrs. Gray, laying her hand on a pile of musty pamphlets.

"Not those, surely?" said Dr. Spoffard; but Patty looked, gave a hop, skip, and jump, and clapped her hands.

"Martin Luther!" she shouted.

"What do you know about Martin Luther?" said Mr. Mélan.

"He threw his inkstand at the devil," said Willie, boldly.

"He did worse with it," said Captain Lane, thinking of the Geneva reformers, and forgetting the child.

"Oh!" said Patty, "I like him, he worked so hard. He never seemed tired; he used to write, and preach, and fight, all the time, even after he had a dreadful disease; and then he was so tender! He held little children in his arms, and told them stories; and when he *was* tired, and got low-spirited, the devil would tell him

he was a great sinner, and pretend that he ought to go to groaning; but Luther loved God, and he only said, 'I know that;' and didn't groan at all, only worked right on."

"You ought to have one of these tracts for your own," said Mr. Spoffard, giving a dark, square tract, printed on thick paper, in German, into her hand.

Her father went to her side. She had read the name of Luther, in large Roman letters. He now showed her that this was a tract published by Luther himself. His *autograph*, or name written by his own hand, was on the first page; for it was a copy that had been his, and all through the pages there were corrections of the print in his own writing, and sometimes a word changed. The changes generally meant something, and Mr. Gray explained them.

"Now *I* have seen something," said Patty. "Papa, was Luther just like other men? He might be a great strong angel."

"A messenger?" said Mr. Gray, reminding Patty of what he had once told her of the meaning of the word *angel*. "Yes, Patty, he was one of God's messengers."

As they moved towards the door, Captain Lane said, "Mrs. Gray, I don't believe you would care to lounge in this library now."

"No," said Mrs. Gray, with tears in her eyes; "the bronze doors shut away the books; and all Peter Force's library will never make up for what the fire has taken. It is a comfort, though, to think it is all iron at last."

"Mamma," said Patty, "who was Peter Force?"

"When the British burned the library, *all* the books were lost," began Mrs. Gray.

"They'd better remember it," said Patty, fiercely, "when they talk about *our* burning books, down South."

The whole party smiled; but Patty's little face was stern.

"Mr. Jefferson did not like it any better than you do, though there were only three thousand volumes in all," continued her mother; "and he offered Congress his own precious library. In 1851, forty thousand volumes were burned, and with them a great many state papers it was thought we could never get again. But Peter Force, who had been mayor of Washington,

had the most valuable American state papers in the world; and he sold his library to Congress; it was fifty thousand volumes of itself."

"Mamma," said Patty, "what did Jefferson do, beside be president of the United States?"

"Willie can tell you what he said of himself," replied aunt Sophie.

"What he wrote for his own tomb?" said Willie: "'*Author of the Declaration of Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia.*'"

"You see," said mamma, "that *he* said nothing about being President. He ought to have added, however, '*Author of the Prohibition of the Importation of Slaves into Virginia, and of the Destruction of the Law of Entail.*'"

"Do you remember," said Mr. Mélan, "that Lord Brougham once said, that to write the life of Jefferson was to write the history of the United States?"

"Mamma," said Patty, slowly, "I know about the slaves. What was the *law of entail*?"

"Recollect what Lord Amberley told you the other day," said her mother. "If papa and I

were to die, all that we have would be divided between you, and Willie, and baby; but if we lived in England, all the land, and most of the money, silver, and jewels, would be given to Willie, as the oldest son: that would be according to the law of *primo-geniture*, or *first child*. You and baby would be very poor, unless Willie chose to take care of you. If Willie was not allowed to sell or give his land, but must keep it for his own son, or *yours*, if *he* had none, that would be according to the *law of entail*. Mr. Jefferson made away with both laws in Virginia, where they had done a great deal of mischief."

"Had they?" said Patty, wondering.

"I told you, because you asked," said her mother, smiling. "Don't think about it, if it is too hard; but here is something that will make you remember it. The father of Abraham Lincoln, and the people who were his neighbors in Kentucky, were driven out of Virginia by these laws. They had no land or money. Some of the hardest trials young Abraham had to bear came of them, as well as the great curse of slavery. It was part of God's way of fitting him for what he had to do."

"Who told you?" said Patty, simply.

"Abraham Lincoln himself," answered her mother, opening the door that led into the Rotunda.

"I don't like the Rotunda," said Patty; "it makes too much noise."

Patty was right: the grating of her own little shoes echoed all about. Her mother held her a moment, and pointed to the painted dome, which seemed to float in clouds.

"Can you think," said she, "that there are ten millions of pounds of iron in that dome?"

"One million is just as good," said Patty, shaking her head. "When I say, a million, it just means *more than I know*."

They turned to their left, and entered the corridor, or long entry, which leads to the New Senate Chamber. On the right hand was the Old Senate Chamber, now used by the Supreme Court. Judge Chase stood by a table, in a long black silk gown. He was just lifting his queer cap.

"How handsome he is!" said Patty; and she looked again, and added, "What a handsome room, too!"

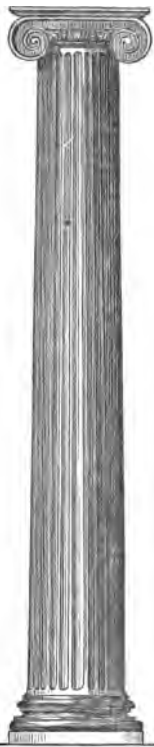
The court was busy ; so they walked on tip-toe round the room. Patty looked hard at a splendid portrait of Washington, and was going to ask a question, when she caught a glimpse of what seemed like an agate column, against which she had been leaning. She moved a little, and saw the lovely screen of pillars, with capitals of white marble, which stretches across the Court Room.

"Oh, mamma!" she whispered, pointing with her little hand; "what are they?"

"Ionic," said her mother, misunderstanding.

"What is that?" said Patty, still puzzled.

"The next simplest column to the *Door-ic*, you were talking about. This is not a plain tree-trunk, like that. The Ionians liked a little ornament. They stripped down the bark a little way, and it curled over the trunk. They let a few tendrils of vine cling up above it, too."



Patty saw what her mother meant; but she said, "I was thinking of the stone, mamma — what gay colors! — forty thousand agate breast-pins all together! What is it?"

"Willie," called his mother, gently, "come here, and tell Patty the name of this stone. You have seen something like it in the little collection of African marbles the Abbé Aulanier sent me from Rome."

"B-r-e-c-c-i-a," spelt Willie, who was fond of marbles; "that's the word; I don't know how to pronounce it."

"*Breccia*," pronounced Mrs. Gray. "These columns, with a few more which you will find in the Old Hall of Representatives, were taken out of a quarry in the valley of the Potomac—a bed of stone so small that these two rooms used up the whole of it."

"What does *breccia* mean?" said Patty, going, as usual, to the bottom of things.

"It is the Italian word for *broken*, or *pebble*," said Mrs. Gray. "Broken pieces of many kinds of stone, bound together by marble filtered in among them by water, make *breccia*. These stones are mostly pebbles of agate."

"Are there no more in the world?" asked Patty.

"So people thought for a long time," said her mother; "but there is another quarry on an island in Lake Superior, which will some day be worked. The African stone comes from Aleppo: that is broken porphyry in yellow and gray marble."

They tried to move on to the New Senate Chamber; but, coming upon the white marble staircases suddenly, poor little Patty stood quite still, entranced with delight.

A broad hand-rail of pure white marble was upheld by carved balusters of the same. The steps were of marble, and the panels of the walls. The stairway turned along these walls with such a grand and lordly air, for storey after storey of pure whiteness, and with such a sweep of space, that Patty thought of nothing like it. The marble shone everywhere like a mirror. Patty sat down on the stair.

"Mamma," she said, "it is too beautiful; I can't bear it."

"So I think," said her mother. The gentlemen all stood silent. At one point on the gal-

lery stairs there was a bright picture of a Mexican battle, full of crimson and brown tints, that made the marble panels look whiter still; and at the foot stood a noble statue of Franklin. There was nothing to keep them long in the New Senate Chamber, which was only a handsome room made ready for use. Mrs. Gray showed Patty the bronze doors designed by Crawford, and cast in America. It vexed Patty to hear that those opening into the Hall of Representatives, and cast in Munich, were much better. "Why shouldn't America do best?"

They went out of the Senate Chamber into the *Marble Room*, made for the private use of the senators. This room was another dream of beauty. Patty hardly knew how to take it all in. All its polished ceiling is panelled with white marble. The columns that uplift it are polished like glass. The walls are made of lovely Tennessee marble, with mighty mirrors at each end, repeating and repeating all the beauty, and the noble busts or graceful statues that stand about the room.

"Mamma," said Patty, "what would people say if they saw it in Rome?"

"Is this Tennessee marble a kind of *breccia*?" said Willie, looking close at it, and seeing how its soft gray color melted into rose tints here and there.

"No," said his mother; "this is a smooth stone, all made at once. The pudding is colored a little; that is all; it has no plums in it."

Mrs. Gray wished the children to see all the rooms in this wing. Patty thought she never need ask what *fresco* meant again, after seeing the portraits on the walls of the President's Room; but Willie was not sure.

"It is the Italian for *fresh*, or new," answered Captain Lane. "It only means painted on fresh plaster."

As they walked back to the Rotunda, Mrs. Gray showed Patty the capitals of the pillars in the circular colonnade, made of tobacco leaves.

"That is an American order of architecture," said she, playfully; "and I will show you something prettier still below stairs."

They went into the Rotunda again, under the sculpture which represents William Penn, in a broad hat, talking to the Indians, and, going straight across the floor, went out under that

in which a master's hand shows Daniel Boone fighting with them. Boone was a Kentucky pioneer, and Patty had to hear about his desperate fight before she would go on. To amuse her a little, her mother told her that queer Daniel Boone had his coffin made years before he died, out of a favorite cherry tree. It was beautifully polished by frequent rubs from his own strong arm, before he lay down in it at last!

In a moment more they stood in the Old Hall. The seats had been taken away, and the floor was covered with casts and statues. Its beautiful form, the lovely Breccia columns, the noble portraits, all touched Patty's sensitive fancy. She was not surprised when mamma said, —

“This has been called the most beautiful hall of its kind in the world.”

The tears came into Mrs. Gray's eyes. *She* remembered hot debates beneath that arched ceiling. There she had heard Webster and Clay; and Adams, Wise, and Hayne. Once, when the two chambers met here, Calhoun's mighty voice had been lifted in this hall. She was a child when she heard them speak. She

had loved them all, and all were now dead but Wise. What different ways they had walked on the earth! She told Patty a little of this, and then Patty said, —

“These pillars are not like those in the other hall, mamma?”

“No,” said her mother. “These are Corinthian. The people of Corinth made the most lovely pillars. They liked a great deal of carving. It is said that one of their milkmaids once set her milk-pail on an acanthus, and its leaves turned up round the pail, and hugged it tight. When they had carved this in all its beauty, they set it up on a pillar.”

Patty liked the big spread eagle, which Valaperti carved from life, and felt sorry when she heard that the poor sculptor was drowned a few days after he finished it, and never did anything more.

Then they looked at the bronze door—designed by Randolph Rogers, and cast in Munich—which leads out to the New Hall. Mrs. Gray would not let Patty tire herself with this. She told her it was covered with scenes from the life of Columbus, led her back to let her see

the whole effect, and then made her look carefully at *one panel*. On this, Columbus, dying, with his friends all standing round, offers his last prayer to God. Because Patty was willing to *see a little*, and look only at this picture, she will always remember the great door. But, as she looked, she *thought*.

"Mamma," she said, "I thought Columbus died poor and alone. How came all those people there?"

"The artist ought not to invent the history," added Mr. Mélan, smiling.

"They helped him to make his will," said Captain Lane. "Rogers thought they might as well stay to the end."

"Now we are in the lobby," said Mrs. Gray, as they passed out; "this is where the people hold the members by the button."

There was nothing Patty cared for in the New Hall. "It was too large," she thought; for she could not hear what anybody said, not even Ben Butler. The panelled glass ceiling made it seem very dark and low. She looked at the pictures on the glass a little while, for mamma said they were the coats of arms of the States, or the pic-

tures on the State seals. Then mamma showed her the beautiful flowers and fruit painted on the walls of the Agricultural Committee Room.

When Patty saw the grand stairway of Tennessee marble, she could not speak. In one way it was lovelier than the white marble in the North Wing, but it was all new to her, and too strange to talk about.

They went down into the first basement by a bronze stairway of great beauty. They looked through the beautiful corridor to the north door, where there were more capitals, with tobacco leaves and buds, eight hundred feet away. They came to the *crypt*. When Patty looked at the short, thick columns, she felt the weight of the great building for the first time.

"Mamma," she said, "it seems as if the Capitol were driving those columns right into the earth."

They went across to the Law Library; and, at the entrance of it, mamma showed Patty the "prettier thing," of which she had spoken. The white marble columns were made like cornstalks, and their capitals were full-grown ears, from which the leaves and the tassels waved. Patty was delighted.

On the floor below there was still something to see. The fires which heated the building burned there. The electrical machine got up its sparks in one corner, so that all the thirteen hundred lights of the great Dome flashed into glory by a single touch. Wonderful bath-tubs lay in wait—nobody could tell why—for the senators, who ought, according to Patty, *to take their baths at home*. Mrs. Gray did not waste time in explaining to Patty what she could not understand. She showed her how beautifully all this was kept, how the brass glittered and glowed. She showed her the fans that forced the hot air up into the building. She tried to make Patty understand that the whole thing was costly, unhandy, and wasteful; how it was almost impossible to repair a steam-pipe when it burst, and so on. In the kitchen they saw a steam boiler that would cook a big ham in just seven minutes. Patty laughed, and said she thought it ought to cook her oyster, that was two millions of years old! As they stood looking at the vault intended for the body of Washington, Mr. Mélan asked Patty if she had heard what Ben Butler was saying when she was in the House.

"No!" Patty said; and she tossed up her head in a way that said, "I don't think much of Ben Butler."

He was scolding about something connected with this vault," said her friend. "When they thought Washington's body would lie here, Congress appointed a *guardian of the tomb*, to see that it was watched day and night. He had a good salary; but there has never been any body for him to watch. Ben Butler found out, the other day, that Congress has been paying his salary for fifty years."

Patty's eyes opened wide.

"But he didn't take the money, papa?" she stammered; and Mr. Gray could not bear to tell her.

In a few moments they stood outside the west front, by the fountain, where Mrs. Gray had drawn her little plan. They strolled slowly down toward the gate, and looked at the lovely outline of the Capitol rising above the forest trees. Patty could never see it enough. Its white marble walls looked to her as if they had been built for the city "not made with hands." Mamma let her stand as long as she liked, and

at last she heard the little girl murmuring to herself, "And they shall bring the glory and the honor of the nations into it." *

Mamma wondered whether Patty was thinking of all the noble words that had been spoken there in defence of human liberty; but she did not ask.

"Patty," she said, "you have not been on the *loggia*,—the balcony opening from the Library,—nor have you seen the view from the Dome."

Patty started.

"Oh, mamma!" she cried, "I must, and I can't."

Mrs. Gray smiled.

"I could not let you try it to-day, my little girl," she said; "we will go into the green-houses before we go to dinner, and to-morrow morning early we are going to Georgetown. Before we start, papa will bring you to the Capitol, and show you the view."

Patty pressed up to her mother's side, and kissed her.

"Oh! if I could only be good," she thought,

* Revelation xxi. 26.

"mamma loves me so much!" and, for some reason or other, she saw at that moment some tattered fringes of canvas blowing in the air. She did not think a great deal about them; and they crossed over into the plot of ground west of the Capitol, where the green-houses are, and where we plant all sorts of rare and strange things, the seeds of which are sent to us from all parts of the world. One of the green-houses was built with a lofty dome, and under this tall palm trees were waving, and bananas and coffee-berries growing. The air was full of sweet, rare scents; but Mrs. Gray said, —

"There is only one Capitol in the world, little Patty; but there are a great many green-houses. I would only walk through. I would not try to understand to-day."

"Mamma," said Patty, suddenly, "is it true that the Capitol is the most beautiful building in the world?"

Patty," said her mother, "which is the most beautiful — a rose, a violet, a ripe peach, or a palm tree?"

"Neither," said Patty, promptly; "they are not a bit alike. I like them all."

"It is just so with buildings," said Mrs. Gray. "I remember thinking, one moonlight night, that nothing on earth could be lovelier than the Capitol; but if I had stood on the great hill at Athens, I should have said it of the Parthenon; if I had loitered under the arches of the Coliseum at Rome, I should have said it there; or if, with Walter Scott, I had gazed at Melrose, —

'When the broken arches were black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmered white,' —

I should have said it again. The Capitol is beautiful — that is enough."

And then they went home to dinner — Patty to the bowl of stewed oysters that was always sure to "set her up" when she was too tired.

CHAPTER IX.

WASHINGTON.

PATTY did not go into the parlor that evening, although she knew that Paul Kane was coming to see her mother. Mamma said she must go to bed if she meant to climb to the top of the Dome in the morning.

But something ailed little Patty. Either she was already too tired to sleep well, or she had somewhat on her mind. Once or twice after she went to sleep, she cried out; and once she said quite plainly, tossing about, "I meant to tell you, mamma — indeed I did."

When Mr. Gray went to call her the next morning, she was so hot and restless that he was glad to wake her. She started up with frightened eyes.

"Oh, papa!" she said, "I thought you were a medicine man!"

"I wish I were," said Mr. Gray, a good deal puzzled. "Then my little Patty's cheeks should be cool, and her dreams sweet."

Patty was quite sure that she was well enough to go out; and indeed, when she was dressed, there did not seem to be much the matter.

She went up the long stairway, which leads to the lantern at the top of the Dome, on her father's shoulder. Mr. Gray felt that Patty was hardly strong enough to take the steps for herself.

As her father set her down, at the top of the building, she gave the pretty gray dress a little shake, and said, —

"This is the real map."

"Let us look to the east first," said Mr. Gray, turning Patty round; and there, indeed, a lovely map was spread out before her.

She looked over the pretty grounds east of the Capitol, in which the great statue of Washington stands. For about a mile beyond the trees, a great plain stretches, dotted with small but tidy houses. On her right she saw the Penitentiary,* where thieves and murderers are put; the Arsenal, where all the government arms

* Criminals are *now* sent to Albany.

and powder are locked up; the Navy Yard, where two little black monitors lay at anchor, looking like big water-bugs; and, as far off as she could see, the Poorhouse, where a great many homeless children, no older than herself, could be found; and what is called the "Congressional Burying-ground."

"On this broad plain," said her father, "all the grand buildings should have stood;" and then he pointed out Greenleaf's Point, where the Arsenal is, and told her it was named for her mother's old friend.

"Papa," said Patty, turning to the burying-ground, "is anybody buried off there?"

"I went there once with mamma," said Mr. Gray, "to see the grave of William Wirt; but the bodies of those buried there are generally removed, and only marble tablets remain, to tell their names. Look at the Arsenal, Patty; that is where the assassins were tried, and where Booth was buried."

"I don't want to see it," said Patty, turning quickly away. "Papa, look over there; there are four new houses, rather better than the rest. What are they?"

"Nothing better than the Arsenal," said Mr. Gray. "That was the building in which Congress met after the British had burned the Capitol. During the war it was the old Capitol Prison. It has just been turned into dwelling-houses."

Then Mr. Gray gave Patty a glass, and showed her how to follow the bright, sparkling waters of the eastern branch of the blue Potomac, till she saw Alexandria, and the trees about Mount Vernon, and the walls of Fort Washington, gleaming in the light.

"All this plain has changed very much since I first saw it," said Mr. Gray. "It was here that mamma and I spent a long time — twenty-five years ago — gathering in the little negroes for their first school."

Then Patty turned round and gave a little shout of pleasure, when she looked off to the west. If you look at Mrs. Gray's plan, you will see that Pennsylvania Avenue goes from the north-west corner of the Capitol to the south-east corner of the White House. It swings between the two, as if it were a big hammock, and had caught the city and its pub-

lic buildings in its outer meshes. Far away, Patty could see the President's House, standing between the War and Navy Departments and the State and Treasury Buildings, these five making one noble square. Nearer to the water, a little farther out, was the Observatory.

The City Hall, the Post Office, and the Patent Office, were so much nearer that they seemed almost at the foot of Capitol Hill. The gardens and the park of the Smithsonian Institute swept away to the water, and enough of foliage was left to show how lovely it would be in summer. Across the river, the portico of Arlington gleamed fair and white. It had once belonged to a grandson of Washington's wife, and Patty thought she should like to go there.

"No," said her father; "all the things that were once Washington's have been taken away. There is a freedmen's village there, where about two thousand blacks live. It was over that Long Bridge that the troops moved, Patty, and on the heights near Arlington that the rebel flag waved so long."

"Papa," said Patty, "was Mr. Custis nice?"

"I don't think he was, Patty," said her father.

"I knew him very well once. You know he had not a drop of Washington blood, but he had lived near the rose, although he was not the rose, and he thought a good deal of that. He was a conceited man, who loved to hear himself talk."

"What is that little stream of water behind the White House?" said Patty, eagerly.

"That is Rock Creek," said her father; "and there is Georgetown behind it."

"Was that where the robbers used to come, and where you waded over to see mamma, and where the snow nearly buried her one day?" said Patty.

"Yes," returned her father, laughing. "That creek has played us both many a trick. The gullies that led down to the bridge were never lighted in those days, and street robbers lay there in wait for strangers. A heavy shower would raise the creek in half an hour. Once, when mamma was ill, I went over to carry her fruit and medicine, and coming home at eleven that night, I had to wade through water up to my neck. I carried my empty box on my head."

"How could you!" said Patty, in admiration.

"I am sure I don't know," said her father. "I wasn't used to such things, but she had nobody to nurse her, Patty. Look off to the right. Do you see the heights, where they are building Howard University? That arch you see to the left, belongs to the aqueduct, which carries the water of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal over the Potomac. It has the largest stone arch in the world—two hundred and twenty feet wide."

"Papa," said Patty, "how prettily the broad streets cross each other in triangles! and where they meet, there are so many squares! But, papa, isn't there one handsome street in the whole city?"

"Are not these wide avenues handsome?" said Mr. Gray.

"But the houses, papa, big and little all muddled together, and shops right next to the handsomest. I shouldn't like to live in one at all; and then the streets are so dirty!" said Patty.

"It is much cleaner than it used to be," said her father; "but, in spite of the dirt, Washington is a very healthy city. These wide streets carry fresh air and sunshine everywhere."

They paused a few moments on the *loggia*, that Patty might see the same view in a nearer and prettier way; and then on the floor of the Rotunda Patty was surprised to find Captain Lane.

"I have come to go with you to the Navy Yard," he said to Patty. "I thought you would like to see a monitor."

"How kind!" said Patty; "a real monitor? My uncle Will made a model once, but I never saw one on the water."

"But there is something else first," said Mr. Gray. He led Patty out through one of the doors, and down a flight of stairs, to a wide but dark entry, where a feeble gas-light was burning. Mr. Gray turned the gas up. "There is something you did not see yesterday," said he, and painted with wonderful skill, all along the walls, Patty saw the story of Reynard the Fox.

"What made them put it here?" she cried, in the midst of her delight.

"Human nature," said Captain Lane, who had followed them, and now showed Patty that the graceful, decorated circles, in which the pictures were painted, ran along both sides of the entry for a long way.

"You recollect the large German book at home," said Mr. Gray, "which has Kaulbach's pictures in it, that you liked so much? Didn't I tell you once that every animal face in *that* was like some German statesman?"

"Oh, papa," said Patty, pointing, "all these look like men. I know a minister who looks just like that ram — so meek and hateful!"

So did Mr. Gray, but he would not give his little girl's fancy a name; so they went out under the arches, and took a car standing on the *tramway*. Patty heard her father use this word.

"Why don't you say railroad?" she asked; "it is a railroad — isn't it?"

"Yes," said her father; "but it is well to keep that word for rails used by steam engines. When cars are drawn by horses, I like *tramway* better. *Tram* means a cart; and any short road, with rough cars, where no great speed is gained, may be called a tramway."

It was very quiet on the east side of the Capitol. It did not seem like Washington at all, Patty thought, as they wheeled along.

Almost the first things they saw, when they went into the Navy Yard, were the big guns that

Captain Lane had helped Farragut to take from the Alabama. Patty looked at them very soberly. She had a sort of respect for war on land, but war on the sea, such as the Alabama led, she thought "too mean for anything."

When a trading vessel was stopped by one of the war-pirates, she said it was just like one boy's eating another's luncheon, when he wanted to plague him; and, in spite of her love for Willie, Patty had but a poor opinion of boys.

The monitors which she had seen from the top of the Capitol were less interesting than she thought they would be. Uncle Will's model had shown her all their parts, and she was quite glad when her father called her to look at a sort of museum in a long, low building. Here were a great many torpedoes, intended to blow up northern boats, and taken out of the beds of southern rivers; shells of odd forms, and bullets made with barbarous skill, to burst within the wound they made.

Mr. Gray thought Patty would want to see them; but she shivered and grew pale when papa explained, and half stumbling over a little squatty brass cannon, on the floor, begged him to tell her what that was, instead.

"Read for yourself, Patty," said papa.

Patty stood back a little, and puzzled out the letters "Castile and Leon, 1490."

"Was that the name of the gun?" she said, looking bewildered.

"No," said her father; "it is an old Spanish gun, brought from Alvarado in the Mexican war. Can you guess now?"

"Is it really true, papa?" said Patty, anxiously. "Why, it is like a dream!"

Her father smiled. "It is older than mamma's diamond ring," he said.

"1490!" exclaimed Patty; "why, that was two years before Columbus discovered America. He might have seen it! I wish he had!"

"It would not be very strange if he had both seen and used it," said her father. "He was dead long before Cortez needed it, and this was one of the guns Cortez turned on Montezuma."

"I hate Cortez," said Patty; "he was cruel and a cheat. Nobody was sorry when the king refused to look at him. It was different with Columbus."

Then Captain Lane showed Patty still another old Spanish gun, with the arms of Ferdinand and

Isabella upon it, and a shell dug up at Fort Fisher, in North Carolina. This shell was five or six times as thick as those we use now. It seemed as if the Spaniards were afraid of their own powder.

"I would rather see these than anything in Washington," said Patty, in high spirits. "Why, I can't believe it yet; I never saw anything so old in my life!"

At the foot of Capitol Hill, Mrs. Gray joined them. She had been watching for them a good while. She showed Patty the house where Judge Cranch had lived, and told her how happy she had been there in her youth. Every Saturday she walked over from Georgetown in time for dinner, and staid till Monday morning. There were two tall Lombardy poplars before the house, and their branches brushed the attic window. Mrs. Gray told Patty that, in her day, there was a big chest, full of papers, in that attic. They belonged to the Quincys, Adamses, and Cranches.

"I was a great deal older than you are, Patty," said her mother, "but not much bigger. They told me I might read as many as I liked;

so I made a hole in the middle of the chest, jumped in, and began to read. Every Saturday I found my friends waiting for me. I helped Margie to make the pudding, or pick berries in the big garden behind the house, and then I ran up to my chest. I threw out the letters as fast as I read them. Judge Cranch said I was like a mouse in a cheese! I always looked for Mrs. John Adams's letters. I was very fond of those. She was Abigail Smith, of Weymouth. Her father was a minister, who did very odd things. The Sunday after she had promised to marry John Adams, he preached a sermon from the text, 'There was a man sent from God whose name was John'!"

This was such a story as it pleased Patty to hear. You should have heard her merry laugh! Mrs. Gray liked to think of those dear old times, and in a moment she went on.

"Sometimes I came over so sick and tired, that, of a winter afternoon, I would go right to sleep on the sofa by the big wood fire. I would be waked by the Judge when he came in to dinner. He would spread a warm shawl over me, or move my pillow just a little. I never

opened my eyes, for I knew it would trouble him to think he had waked me; but I used to peep a little bit. Then, at tea, the Judge sat in front of the wood fire, in the old Franklin stove, in the dining-room. The handle of the toast-iron used to rest on the back of his chair. Ah! nothing will ever taste so nice again as the bread or the buckwheat that he toasted for me, and that was dropped on my plate from the hot toast-iron, after he had waved it like a banner over my head. How he used to tease me about loving Boston so well! and now it seems as if nothing had ever been so dear as that old parlor!"

"Mamma!" said Patty, "I wish I had been alive then."

"So do I," said Mrs. Gray, quite soberly. "I wish you could have known the Judge and his wife. They had been married more than fifty years when I knew them; and they were still so sweet and loving! Mrs. Cranch was pure and simple as a young girl. Up on the pantry shelf was a row of bottles, filled with—what do you think, Patty? Nothing but little rolls of paper and drawing pencils! When the Judge was a young man, he was fond

of sketching. He had loved Allston; and perhaps he might have made a great artist himself. He used to draw pictures on the edges of his law books. It troubled his dear wife to see how much time it took from his proper work. The Judge had a good salary, but nothing beside; so, one day, his wife talked tenderly to him, and the Judge rolled up all his drawings, and cut the pictures off the edges of his law books, and sealed them up in the big bottles I saw on the shelf. He never touched a pencil again."

"Oh! mamma," said Patty, in a tone of dismay, "were they pretty? Did you ever see them?"

"I do not know. I never saw them," said Mrs. Gray. "After Margie told me about them, I would not have named them to a living soul; but I honored, with my whole heart, the good man, who was brave enough to make such a resolution, and strong enough to keep it. We used to pick the first scanty saucer of berries for the Judge's dinner; but when the dear old man came in, he drew a big pin from his coat cuff, and shared them, one by one, with his wife. When I saw him pick up a berry, dip it in

sugar, and put it to his wife's lips, I used to think of Robin Redbreast."

"A white-haired robin," said Willie, for he remembered a noble picture of the Judge hanging in mamma's chamber at home.

Mrs. Gray smiled. "We used to have some 'jolly' times, to use your word, Willie. I remember one frolic that we had over an old cracked pudding-dish. It was made of blue India china, and looked very well; but as soon as we turned our custard into it, it would stream all over our dresses. No matter how many there were in the closet, that was the one dish that always came down to spoil our clean calicoes, and aunt Jane's white floor. One day Margie got out of patience. 'There is no getting rid of that dish,' said she. 'I wish I could send it to Jericho!'

"There was a big barn behind the house, and an old ladder leaned against one side of it. We got into a great frolic, and at last I mounted the ladder, with the dish on my head, like a night-cap. I crept carefully to the top, which was about thirty feet from the ground. Then I took off my china cap, and gave it a big swing.

It went over the ridge-pole, and I heard it roll down the other side of the roof. I did not think I should ever see the cracked dish again; but when I came home from church the next day, there it stood, as good as ever, on the parlor table. Aunt Jane had picked it up and washed it. 'I specs you jis dropped it 'hind the barn,' said she, looking quite happy to think it was still safe. Then we took the hammer, and finished it. I thought Charles Lamb ought to have written a letter about it."

They were in a horse car, going down the Avenue. They got off very soon opposite the City Hall, partly to show Patty the statue of Lincoln, which stands before it. Patty could never forgive herself for not having seen Lincoln. She seemed to think she was in some way to blame about it. She had a bit of oak from the rafter of the school-house where he learned to read, one of the very first rails he had ever split, and several letters written by him to her mamma and other people; but nothing made up for not having seen him. She looked at the statue so sadly that mamma wanted to divert her thoughts.

"I am quite glad to see the steps of the City Hall," said she. "There were no horse cars in my time, Patty; and this Hall was not finished. I walked over from Georgetown, and I used to be so tired that I often sat down on the broad steps. When they came in sight, they always gave me a welcome."

"You could not do it now," said Patty, quite shocked.

"No, indeed!" said her mother; "but the streets were very quiet then."

They turned down Louisiana Avenue; and, almost without a thought, Mr. Gray stopped before Canterbury Hall—a sort of theatre, long famous as the spot where the grand balls were given in the winter.

"Sophie," said he, "would thee like to go to another ball, dressed in calico, thread-lace, and diamonds?"

A warm flush spread over mamma's face. If she had ever looked prettier when she was a young girl, Mr. Gray did not know it.

"No," she said, softly. "Life has been crowned once;" and then she turned to Patty. "Look at this Hall, Patty; we will talk about it another time."

Patty always remembered this day as the day which she spent getting into and out of horse cars. They stopped next time at the Patent Office; and Patty felt herself grow shy as she looked at the lofty portico, with three rows of columns, like that of the Pantheon at Rome. She felt such a little creature going up the steps! When she went into the National Gallery, she hardly dared look up.

"How grand all its proportions are!" said Captain Lane, who had seen it every day for months.

"And how beautiful!" said Mrs. Gray. "When *I* first knew it, it was all of yellow sandstone; now the larger part of it is of snowy marble, and the rest is painted to look like it."

Mrs. Gray had come here to see the only member of Judge Cranch's family now living in Washington. A slender, white-haired man came forward and took mamma by both hands. "Is it really you?" he said. "O, what good times we used to have!" and as Patty watched his face, she saw that it was not her mother alone who looked back with longing to those distant years, or who saw in them fair pictures of a happy, open home.

While Mrs. Gray paused to talk with her friend, papa showed Patty how the Halls were arranged.

On the lower floor, seeds and plants are to be found; on the next, the business offices; and on the upper floor, the grand model-room is filled with machines. Patty would have been glad to look at them; but papa said it would tire her. He told her that just as everybody who printed a book in America must send one to the Library of Congress, so everybody who made a machine must prove to the Patent Office that it was new, get permission from the office to use it, and deposit a model of it in this Hall."

"Will 'Dotty Dimple' go to Congress?" said Patty, much amused.

"Yes, indeed!" said her father.

"And will aunt Mary's frame for holding sick people up in bed come here?" persisted the little girl.

"If she wants to make money by selling it," said Mr. Gray, "it must. If not, everybody can make or sell it who likes."

Then papa showed Patty Benjamin Frank-

lin's printing press, Washington's dress as Commander-in-Chief, and some splendid Japanese silks, which he thought would please the little girl by their bright colors. When Patty had kissed her mother's friend, and Mrs. Gray's hands were drawn slowly away from his loving clasp, they walked on to the Post Office, that Patty might look at its white marble beauty. As they went out, they passed Powers' statue of Washington, which Butler had sent from New Orleans during the war. They looked at it, and talked of Butler a little. "Butler ought to have staid at New Orleans always," said Patty; "there he was splendid!"

"Patty," said Captain Lane, "why do you never talk about Sumner?"

"I-know Mr. Sumner," said Patty, proudly, drawing up her head.

"And didn't you want to see the seat where he sat when Brooks struck him?"

"See it!" said Patty; "I don't so much as dare to think about it. Oh, how could God let it be? If he had only struck some cruel, selfish, lazy man!" and Patty ran down the steps, and away from the captain.

"How does it happen," said the captain, "that Patty knows so many things she is too young to remember?"

"I have never let her read the newspaper," said Mrs. Gray; "but we read it at the table, and talk about the news before her. Then all her questions are answered."

"Do you try to make her think as you do?" said her friend.

"No," said mamma, just as they overtook her. "I wish to *guide* my little girl; so I always tell her the facts, and what I think of them. Then I tell her what other people think, and leave her to settle her own mind."

"But it won't settle," said Patty, in a troubled voice. "Oh, mamma! there are so many things I don't know yet!"

It was not an unkind, but a very merry laugh that rang in little Patty's ears. All these older people also felt that there *were so many things not to be known yet!*

They did not stop again till they got to the White House. Opposite to this, to the north, is a large square; and Mrs. Gray made Patty look at a statue of Jackson, by Clark Mills, which

stands there. The horse and man are made of guns taken by the old hero in battle; and the brass cannon about the pedestal were taken at New Orleans.

"At the very battle old James fought in," said Patty, quite sure of not forgetting, because her heart had taken hold of the story; "and they never gave him his freedom, after all!"

Between the buildings in which the business of the War and Navy is carried on, Patty saw a mighty mass of pure copper. She looked at it with pleasure, because the Indians had once used it for an altar. She took her knife out of her pocket, and tried to scrape off a tiny bit for herself.

Mamma laughed. "I should have to forbid that, Patty," she said, "only the copper will be more obstinate than you are. They told me once, up at the mines, that I might have all I could cut away. I found that was just none at all; and yet it is so soft!"

"So soft and so tough!" said papa.

The White House was a large, pleasant building to look at. It troubled Mrs. Gray, that, since the war, a great many buildings had been

crowded into the space between it and the river. "The slope to the Potomac used to be so lovely," she said.

The old colored servant, who had been in the house for thirty years, opened the rooms for them.

They went first to the East Room. Mamma used to go to parties there, when she was young; so Patty must certainly see that.

"Do you like it, Patty?" said her mother, as she saw little Patty's eyes linger on carpet, and mirrors, and drapery, and then grow dark and soft with tears.

"Mamma," said Patty, drawing close to her mother, and speaking low, "mamma, I thought at first how nice it would have been to have made it into a hospital in the time of the war — it is so large and cool! and then they might have held meetings here, and cut out work for the soldiers. I don't like to remember all the parties they had here; Mr. Lincoln didn't like 'em, I know; and then I thought of the little beggar girls, mamma, — you know Governor Andrew told me about that, — and that made me happy."

Patty raised her voice a little, just before she ended, and papa overheard.

"Beggar girls!" said he; "what had they to do with this grand room?"

"Oh, papa!" said Patty, "it is the prettiest story. It was one day during the war; and some silly people had shut the blinds, and lighted all the gas, so that the ladies' dresses might look fine. When the room was very full, and the servants were not watching, two little beggar children strayed in. They had baskets of cold food on their arms, and they stood wondering at the gas-lights, just in the way of the door. The ladies who came in caught their laces on the dirty baskets, and the Governor thought he would go and speak to them. Before he could do it, Mr. Lincoln walked right down the room. 'Did you want to see me, my little girls?' he said; and, taking them each by the hand, he led them out to the steps, and told a servant to take care of their baskets. Then they went into the dining-room, where the servants were getting a grand dinner ready. He set the children down by a little table, and staid by till they had eaten all they wanted; and then he went back to the gas-lights."

"I took the baskets," said the old servant.

Patty looked at him with new interest. "That is all I care for in the East Room," said she; "it looks just like a hotel."

They went into the Conservatory, and Mrs. Gray pointed out the Green Room, which was so very unbecoming that only ladies with bright red cheeks dared venture in; but Patty turned to the servant.

"Will you show me the room up stairs where the little children's shoes used to stand outside the door?" said she.

Mrs. Gray smiled. She saw that President Lincoln was in Patty's mind. It was only for his sake that Patty cared about the East Room.

"Didn't you know Governor Andrew?" said Patty, when she saw that the servant looked puzzled. "He was the great Massachusetts Governor that we are so proud of. He came here once in the war-time, full of trouble. He could not find the President anywhere. At last he went by a chamber, and saw two pairs of little shoes standing outside a half-opened door. He couldn't help peeping in, for he loved the little boy that died; and there, beside the pillow,

was Mr. Lincoln on his knees. I should like to see that room."

The old servant touched his forehead, as if some great person were in the company. "It is not allowed," said he; "but you are only a little girl." Then he looked at Patty a moment, and said, "Will you go up, with me, alone?"

Patty put her hand in that of the black man, and they went up stairs together.

When they came back, Patty looked as if she had been crying; but nobody ever asked what she had seen.

As she went out the door, the black man took her hand. "May I kiss little missis' hand?" he said, and raised it to his lips.

CHAPTER X.

GEORGETOWN.

THERE was one building more to be seen in Washington; but as Mrs. Gray always thought of it when she thought of her life in Georgetown, we have left it till the last. When they all came out of the White House, Mrs. Gray turned to the left, round a corner, and walked down New York Avenue.

"Where are you going, Sophie?" said Mr. Gray, as soon as he could overtake her.

"I must go to the Observatory," she said, "for a few minutes. You know I always hoped to find Captain Gilliss here when I came again, and now he is gone, like all the rest."

It was not a very long walk; and before they got there, Patty had hold of her mother's hand.

"It does not look much as it used to," said

Mrs. Gray. "It was a bleak common when I first remember it, out of sight of houses and homes. Some rooms under ground were finished, and in them Lieutenant Gilliss used to do his work. Above they were building a firm, rocky foundation for the great telescope."

"Mamma," said Patty, "who was Lieutenant Gilliss?"

"A very dear friend of mine, first," said her mother; "a brave soldier, and an excellent scholar, next."

"You see mamma puts the friend first," said Mr. Gray. "She thinks it takes more of a man to be a good friend than to be a soldier or a scholar."

"In that old time," said Mrs. Gray, "there was very little money to do the work with. Lieutenant Gilliss was faithful and persevering; and just as we all thought he was going to be promoted, he was removed to make way for a traitor. I used to like to come here very much, Patty; and at one time, when he was obliged to go away, my friend trusted me with the care of some of the instruments. I loved him for that; you know we like to be trusted. I was never

tired of wondering at the strange photographs in which the magnetism of the earth wrote down its own misdeeds, and showed, whenever a wandering aurora broke up all its lines, just how far the needle dipped! Then there was an instrument that told how fast the wind blew, where it came from, and how warm it was, and wrote this all down of itself."

"Oh, mamma!" said Patty, not quite able to believe this.

Mamma smiled. "There is something stranger still in there now," said she — "a clock which ticks so queerly that it can be heard in every part of America, or rather whenever the telegraphic wires run; so that in Cambridge and New Orleans they can hear a sound that you and I don't hear, Patty, though it is made on this very spot."

"I like that," said Patty; "but, mamma, did Lieutenant Gilliss never come back after Lieutenant Maury went over to the rebels?"

"Yes," said her mother, "but only for a little while. Then they made him a captain. He died very soon. Justice was done too late. But, Patty, look round a little. This is where Washington was encamped under Braddock.

It was here he decided that this was a fit place for a great city."

"There was an older camp than that," said Mr. Gray. "Patty, this is the place where your friend Pocahontas was bought with a copper kettle."

"On this very spot, papa?" said Patty, her cheeks growing very red. "Was Pocahontas really here?"

"She must have been here many times," said Mr. Gray. "This was where the Chief of the Potomacs, Japazans, had his camp. He sold her to Captain Argall for a copper kettle.

"Poor Poky!" said Willie; "but it might have been a *tin* kettle!"

"It's lucky boys like a noise," said Patty, with disgust, "they have to make so much of it."

"Come, Patty," said her father, trying to hide a smile, "we will leave mamma and Captain Lane to their talk. You and Willie had better go in with me, and take a look."

Patty was entranced by the lovely view, and she went unwillingly.

When the party returned, they walked quickly back to the avenue, and took a Georgetown car.

They passed through the old gully ; but it was walled up now. The bridge was higher, and there was nothing to make Mrs. Gray think of the time when she had staggered through it in a blinding snow.

They got out of the cars on High Street, and took a light, uncovered carriage, in which Mr. Gray drove them through the town. Willie was mounted on a donkey, greatly to his delight. At the corner of Gay Street the carriage stopped, and Mrs. Gray pointed to the long, brick building used as a hospital during the war. "Look, Patty," she said; "that is where papa found me!" It looked very dreary; no one could be living in it now. Mrs. Gray counted the windows on one side. "One, two, three, four," she said. "It was behind that last one that I used to teach my people at midnight."

"It seems as if Drusilla must be waiting to open the door this minute," said Mr. Gray.

"And if I could get in, I should expect to find Christy asleep on the floor of my room," said mamma.

"Or aunt Abby pacing the entry in list shoes," said Mr. Gray.

"Oh, dear!" said Patty, "why can't children remember all about their own mothers?"

Her mother turned the carriage a little, and showed her the house in which Lieutenant Gilliss used to live. "I don't know what I should have done here without that friend," said Mrs. Gray. "Oh! Patty, always remember to show small kindnesses to those who are poor and lonely. Put yourself to a great deal of trouble to do it, my little girl. If Lieutenant Gilliss had sent me a gold watch, I might have forgotten it by this time; but I can never forget the pile of little notes I have at home, which read, 'Will Miss Early come over and get some soft crabs?' 'Will Miss Early like to taste a broiled shad?' Ah! I shall never forget when I got my first shad. The note came while I was sitting at dinner. I had heavy bread, greens boiled with greasy 'middlings,' or fat bacon, and I was sick and tired. It was not many minutes before I was on the cool porch, at the back of the Gillisses' house, with the crisp and juicy fish before me."

"Mamma," said Mr. Gray, mischievously, "nobody can say that *you* don't like a good dinner."

"Nor that I can eat a bad one, which is a still worse fault," said Mrs. Gray. "Patty, look across the street."

Patty looked, and saw a large and stately house, with a piazza on every floor, in the midst of a large garden. "That is where the belle of Georgetown lived in my day," said her mother. "I sat on that piazza, and saw the big comet sweep the sky with its trail. I found a strange state of things here when I came, Patty. The ladies who taught in the school with me were treated by the outside world like a sort of upper servants. No one paid them any attention, and they never went out. That could not happen to me; for the Secretary of State was grandpapa Early's friend, and Judge Cranch was mine. When invitations came to me, the poor ladies said, 'I wouldn't go. They don't invite *us*. They don't want *you*.'

"But I made up my mind that in a little while all this should be changed. 'I will go,' I said, laughing, 'and be so delightful that they will have to ask me again.' It all happened as I had foretold. I made myself the fashion very soon; and then, when anybody praised my

embroidery, I said, 'Oh! Miss Annan can do a great deal better than that. I must bring her to see you the next time I come;' or, if they spoke of my patterns, I said, 'Miss Washington draws the loveliest patterns;' and in a little while the ladies had as many invitations as they wanted."

"Yes," said Mr. Gray, "mamma conquered by taking it for granted that everybody would do the right thing; and the silly women were ashamed to tell her they couldn't. But what about Miss McBurney?"

"Oh! the Georgetown belle?" said Mrs. Gray; "that is a story for Patty."

"Oh! yes," said Patty, clapping her hands; "no more big buildings. This is a day for stories."

"It is only to show you how very nice people may do very silly things," said her mother. "Miss McBurney was very pretty and very rich, and she had read Byron and Scott, and was said to be quite literary. She helped to make me the fashion by taking a great fancy to me, and getting me over to the big house to spend the night as often as she could. Now,

when we have a visitor in the North, we give her a chamber by herself; but here at the South, at least in my time, it was thought unkind to leave young people by themselves. The chambers were large, and there was always a spare bed and toilet in each; and among the gentry an old chintz or Japan screen, which could be unfolded when the guest desired. When ten or twelve young girls came, — as they sometimes did at Christmas, — they were divided among the young people of the family. This was not very pleasant to me; and I should have gone to my friend much oftener if I had not been obliged to sleep in her room. I shall never forget the first night. I had been asleep some hours, when I was disturbed by a stir in the room. I made a little movement, and all was still. Then I heard it again. I kept quiet, and I felt in a moment that a candle had been lighted. I drew myself down in the bed, and opened my eyes under a loop in the sheet. I thought I should see a house-servant making off with our watches; but no! there sat Miss McBurney, right before the glass. She had lighted the four wax candles in the silver branches at the

side, and she gave a little frightened look at my bed, for it stood very near. She was using my toilet. There were no candles on her own. The table was covered with little silver boxes that I had never seen before, some razors lay open, and she had a pair of tweezers in her hand. I watched her while she pulled out a few hairs that disturbed the soft sweep of her eyebrows. I saw her shave a little spot in the middle of her forehead, where the hair grew too low; and then she took a little brush and stained the edges of her eyelids. She ended by sprinkling some pink powder on some bits of thin linen, which she laid against her cheeks. Every now and then she turned restlessly, for it was quite clear that she had risen early merely to make her toilet while my eyes were shut. The heavy shutters were still barred, but through the heart-shaped holes that were cut in them the morning light was streaming. It made the candles look pale. My beauty blew them out, and went back to bed. I don't think *I* was ever quite so wide awake in my life!"

"Oh, mamma!" said Patty, "you didn't love her? I never could love anybody that painted!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Gray, "I loved her; but I remember telling her, one day, that I never could love a girl who cut holes in her ears, and thrust colored stones into them, which was a very rude way of saying, 'who wore earrings.' So, you see, dear Patty, I was once as blind as you are."

"Blind, mamma! You don't want me to paint — do you?"

"I am afraid you wouldn't if I asked you," said mamma, laughing; "but you would not blame a Japanese for his *tattoo*, nor a Choctaw for the red lines across his face; and all this was like the tattoo and the red paint, a part of my friend's dress: until I came she had never thought much about it."

"But, mamma, if she did not think, why was she afraid to have you look at her?" said Patty.

"Because I had been talking in my vehement way, — very much like yours, little Patty, — about some painted cheeks I had just seen. I did not guess that her pretty color wasn't her own."

"But I couldn't like her," said Patty, quite decidedly.

"You will never see her," said her mother; "but, Patty, we never can tell what we shall like. I could like my friend, for she painted as a matter of course, like the other girls about her; but if she had done it to deceive anybody, to win some young man's heart with a beauty that wasn't her own, I could not have cared for her."

Patty shook her little head behind her mother's back, as if she still had some thoughts of her own; but she would not speak.

"There is the old school-house after all these years," said Mrs. Gray, suddenly. "That was where Dr. Butler used to give his weekly lecture, and where I frightened all the people once by speaking out in meeting."

Patty looked down a little cross street, and saw a wooden building of one storey, standing alone. All the glass in the windows was broken; but mamma said "it looked quite as well as ever."

"We used to go just at dark in the long summer days," said Mrs. Gray. "We had no light but two tallow candles stuck in two holes in the wooden desk, which the doctor lighted with a match. As we could not see to read, he gave

us the hymns, — two lines at a time, — and we sang them. One night he tried in vain to light his candles, and we all had to go home. The next morning we found out that some naughty boy had stolen our 'dips,' and put two candles cut out of a big potato in their place."

You should have heard Patty and Willie shout! Just then the horse turned a corner, and they all came in sight of Colonel Washington's house. It stood high on the side of the hill, on several terraces. The box trees, trimmed like peacocks with wide-spreading tails, were still green. A fine holly hedge, at the bottom of each terrace, gave a look of late summer to the place. The house was of red brick, with one low piazza, "not a bit romantic," Patty said, having a dim idea that romantic meant pretty.

"Papa!" she cried, "what is that little red brick room in the grounds? It looks like the school-room at Evergreen, only it isn't half so nice."

"It is a fire-proof room," said her mother, "where the colonel used to keep Washington's papers; and on the left hand of the door, as you enter, was the library. There I saw the sword

which Frederick sent him from Prussia, hilted with diamonds, and on the blade the words '*From the oldest general in the world to the greatest.*' I don't know how it happened that the colonel had the general's books. He used to let me read his letters, he had not many things beside. There were three or four swords, a pair of diamond knee-buckles, and his wedding ring; I believe that was all."

"What relation was he to Washington?" said Patty.

"His nephew's son," said her mother; "just the same relation as Bushrod. The colonel had no children of his own, and always meant to give the books to the country."*

Patty gave a little sigh. Captain Lane looked at her close. "Don't you wish you had seen Washington?" said he.

Patty shook her head. "I shouldn't have loved him," said she. "His children never kissed him — only the tips of his fingers. He wore false teeth, and they were too big, and he painted his horse's hoofs! I like Lincoln better."

* Many of these books are now in the Boston Athenæum. I have never known why the colonel's wish was not obeyed.

A little farther up the hill they came upon the old Peters place. That had been the gathering-place of all the Tories. It was the house where the British officers staid when they burned the Capitol. The gardens were very large, the house exactly like one of the large wooden houses built round a great hall, which you may find in Portsmouth or Newport.

A little farther on they found a gray stone house, with a wide lawn. It was old and plain, but still carefully kept. "That was Margaret Smith's house," said Mrs. Gray. "Patty, do you remember the little childish note pasted to the cover of my scrap-book, 'If Miss Early will drink the flaxseed, I think it will do her good'?"

"Oh, mamma!" said Patty, "I have looked at it so often, and wondered why you kept it."

"Maggie wrote it the very night my dreadful fever began," said her mother. "I heard my classes that day, but I think my mind wandered. Maggie saw I was sick. At night she sent me a steaming silver flagon, full of hot flaxseed tea, so sour and so sweet that it tasted like the very nicest lemonade. It was wrapped in a napkin of

the finest damask. I drank it all, partly for Maggie's sake, partly because napkin and flagon looked like home."

"Who was Maggie, mamma?"

"One of my scholars," said Mrs. Gray. "A young English girl, as sweet and pure as a lily."

In a few moments more they came to the Cemetery, where they got out and walked about, to please Patty. It was small, but broken into little hills and dales, in a charming way, and every now and then, through the dark branches, Patty could see the blue Potomac and the valley beyond.

"See, mamma!" she kept crying; "I can just *glimpse* it!"

Mamma told Patty that the prettiest thing in the grounds was the white stone chapel, with stained windows, overgrown with ivy.

"Oh, no!" said Patty; "the prettiest things are the narrow paths winding in and out on the edges of the banks, and the big trees, with shining leaves, whose trunks are all covered with ivy. We have a chapel at Mount Auburn, mamma, but we never could have that ivy, nor these trees."

Mrs. Gray took Patty to the part of the graveyard farthest from the road, and showed her a wood path, which dipped down a sharp ravine. Down in the hollow it seemed so much like spring, Patty could hardly believe it was December. Shiny leaves of Magnolia, Catalpa and Tupelo glimmered in the light, and their soft, glossy green was fringed with a delicate climber, that mamma said was nothing but one white blossom in the summer. Near the brook they saw a witch-hazel, with late yellow blossoms, and half way up the side of the bank, where it caught the cold wind, a tupelo tree held out splendid banners of scarlet.

"In winter, mamma!" cried Patty; "only think."

"Papa," said she, looking back, "come and tell me about the Magnolia."

"It belongs to the same family as the big Tulip-tree at Spring Vale," said her father; "but its wood is of little use; it takes a brilliant polish; so sometimes it is used to make the inside of a house look pretty. Its flowers are like big snowy water-lilies among its dark leaves; but they are not sweet like lilies. They are bitter, but

delicious, and the fainting traveller uses them on a hot day as you would use a cologne bottle. Sometimes he makes a fever tea of its bark."

"And, papa, that splendid scarlet tree?" said Patty; "it is handsomer than our oak."

"That is the tupelo. They call it *gum tree*, down here," said her father; "and we call it *hornbeam*, because it is so tough. We can make cups and bowls out of it, and it makes good logs for water to spout through. It has no pretty flowers. Tupelo is the Indian name for it; what Pocahontas called it, I guess."

Patty fancied her father was laughing at her, and Willy, full of mischief, shouted, —

"Hurrah for Pokky!"

"It belongs to the same family as the sweet sandal wood," said her father; "but I don't think it has any odor. You know the Catalpa, Patty, with its flowers shaped like foxgloves, colored yellow and purple in the throat?"

"Yes."

Patty knew the Catalpa, but Willie had spoiled her pleasure. When will little boys learn how easy it is to do that for a little girl?

"Mamma," she said, "what is the name of the

vine?" for she did not want Willie to know how badly she felt.

"The fringe vine," said her mother; "the flowers look like fine strips of white paper."

Then they sat down on the grass. A pretty little lame boy lay there, about five years old. He had a little cart, but something was the matter with the wheel—it would not run. An old lady stood by the child, and found a bit of chip caught in the wheel.

"Ah!" said she, "I think that is the reason of your trouble."

The child lifted great, calm eyes to her face.

"Do you call a *cause* a *reason*?" said he.

Patty clapped her hands. She never could have said such a thing as that; but she saw in a minute how bright it was.

"Do you live here?" she said to the little boy.

"We live in Virginia," said the old lady, pleasantly.

Patty had hoped she would say in Boston.

Very soon they were on the way again, and Mrs. Gray told Patty that the pretty bridle-path through the woods led to a friend's house.

"I will tell you about it to-morrow, when we

haven't so much to do," she said. "But, oh, Patty, it is a pity you could not see it all in summer."

They drove over the heights to the Jesuit College, and when mamma's card was sent in, a queer old priest came out, with a long, black gown, a sort of square cap, and clattering wooden shoes. He looked sharp at Mrs. Gray.

"Ah!" he said, in French, "it is the same sweet child."

He showed them the library, in an old stone tower, from which Mrs. Gray had first looked at the stars through a telescope, and then left them in the vineyard, where, in those far-off days, she had picked many a grape. I wish I could give you any idea of the beautiful valley spread out before them. How broad, in its robe of blue and silver, the Potomac swept towards the sea! How sharply the banks descended from where they sat! How the white Dome of the Capitol, and the Lombard towers of the Smithsonian Institute cut the air! How the terraced hills behind them seemed to hang over it all in love! How the clouds bent to the river,

as if half in envy! These things I cannot tell; they must be seen.

"Patty," said her mother, "the prettiest sight I ever saw from this spot, was the burning of a carpenter's shop in a very dark night. It was half full of shavings, and the flames seemed to dance all over the river. They showed the landscape on the banks, and all the domes and steeples over in Washington. In those days Georgetown was like Alexandria, Salem, Newburyport, and Portsmouth. These places all seemed likely to be large places a hundred years ago. Most of them sent many ships abroad; but a bar in the harbor, or something else, has kept them all at a stand-still. Georgetown has picked up since the war."

As they rode home, Mrs. Gray showed Patty a shop on High Street.

"I told you Georgetown was dull in my time," said she. "In that shop a young man of good family tried to carry on a trade, but there was little to do. He did not like to read, he was rich, and he kept himself at work on embroidery, which he gave to his lady friends. I never saw so beautiful pictures drawn with a needle."

"Well, *I* can sew," said Willie.

"But you are not a grown man," said his mother. "I was very proud of my old friend's good sense, but I hope you will like to read when you are grown up."

Willie whistled. He was not half so fond of reading as Patty.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SMITHSONIAN.

WHEN they sat at breakfast the next morning, Mrs. Gray said it was the very first moment since she came to Washington that she had not felt in a hurry. This was partly because the Professor was going out of town, and they had an early meal, and partly because they were only to go to the Smithsonian, which was quite near, and could be hurried or taken slowly, as anybody pleased.

"That is good," said Patty; "now we can sit still a little while, and tell stories; but, mamma, when are you going to Mount Vernon?"

"Hey-day!" said the Professor; "I thought this was a little girl who did not like Washington? What does she want at Mount Vernon?"

"I like Washington very much," said Patty, indignantly, "but I should never have wanted

to get up in his lap. I like Lincoln a great deal better."

The Professor gave a long whistle, and Mrs. Gray said, —

'I do not think we shall go to Mount Vernon until papa and Willie have left us. We will take it on our way to Richmond.'

"Now, mamma!" said Patty, "tell us about the pretty lane we saw at Georgetown, yesterday. If I had had the pony, how I would have chased down that bank! I did so want some bright red leaves."

"When I lived at Georgetown," said Mrs. Gray, "I had two friends, with whom I often passed a Sunday in the hot weather. These were two of my brightest pupils. One was the daughter of a German gentleman, who had made a great deal of money by making charts for the use of Congress. He had a great many slaves, and a beautiful place just over the Virginia line. When I went home with Jenny Bonn, I sat in a stately carriage, and was drawn by two big black horses. There was a colored coachman on the box, and two colored boys in livery behind the carriage. The house was very

handsome, and the negroes' quarters, behind the house, were drawn up in a square, and very tidy. Mr. Bonn was very much vexed with me, because I never would say that slavery might be a blessing. He used to take me out behind the house, and show me a happy old aunty sunning herself in a rocking-chair, or open a cabin door where four or five babies were crawling about like so many brown kittens, and say, speaking very quick and hard, '*Ain't* they a great deal better off than if they were free?' I would only shake my head, and as I had nothing to say, his anger did not last long. The two pupils I speak of were both older than I was, but I was so different from them both, and my coming had made such a difference in them, that their parents wanted to see me very much. Before I came, they had neither of them cared to study; they were bright, and learned their lessons easily, but they had never thought that knowledge could be a pleasure. Both had a girlish fancy for me, and talked a great deal about me at home. Jenny loved to comb my hair. It was so long that I could tread on it, and she was never tired of

wondering at what she called my *suit of hair*. One day, while she was busy over it, and I was reading, she gave a start, and tried to kill a beautiful dragon-fly that settled on the page. I stopped her, and put the creature gently under a glass, and showed her the big hornyjaws, under a large magnifier. From that day she liked her lessons, and Mr. Bonn took a good-natured pleasure in showing me every new thing peculiar to the country. He gathered my first persimmon. He shot a raccoon, and had it roasted, that I might see how like young pork the creature tasted. When he walked in the fields with me, he would dig up the turnips and onions, pare them, and make me taste them raw, to see how sweet the southern soil made them. Jenny declared he had never done any such thing for her till I put it into his head. He had a charming library, with rich curtains and beautiful carpets, but as he and his friends always went about with pipes in their mouths, it smelt so strongly of tobacco-smoke, that I could never sit in it."

"Oh, mamma!" said Patty, "why didn't he have a smoking-room?"

"He had the first smoking-room I ever saw," said Mrs. Gray, laughing, "and a lovely room it was. It was built of white marble, and had a fountain in the middle, and there were marble couches to lie down on, but nobody ever smoked there. Everybody liked the soft seats in the library. Mr. Bonn liked tobacco so much that he could not believe it made me ill to smell it. He thought I talked about it to tease him; so he used to promise me a husband that would smoke, and chew, and take snuff. When I was engaged to be married, papa sent him his card, and wrote on the back of it in beautiful German text, '*Warranted not to smoke.*'"

"Oh, mamma!" said Patty, "that was just like papa. But what did God make tobacco for?"

"I have never found out," said her mother, smiling, "for I do not like it any better now than I did then. That was my rich pupil; but I had another who always came to school in a calico frock, and who I soon found was only a charity scholar. That is, she was studying in the hope of some time paying for it by acting as a teacher in the school. Katie Maynard was

a young English girl. One day I saw her father. He wore a blue coat, with bright buttons, a buff vest, and small-clothes, and had black silk stockings buckled up over his knees."

"Was that the fashion?" said Willie.

"No," said Mrs. Gray; "that dress had been out of fashion a long while; but I rather think he had brought his clothes from England with him, and had enough to last him his life. Katie and I were very fond of each other. On Saturday afternoon a black boy brought a large horse, with saddle and pillion, to the door of the *Pensionnât*. Katie jumped into the saddle, and brought him round to the horse-block, where I mounted the pillion, put my arm round her waist, and away we jogged. I did it so awkwardly, that Drusilla had to stand at the window, and laugh at me. The boy trotted off on foot."

"How old was the boy?" said Patty.

"He had white hair," said Mrs. Gray; "but we always called our men *boys* in the old time."

"We went up the hill, and along that lovely lane you saw. Oh, Patty! I had never seen a southern wood then, and I was almost faint with the fragrance, and dizzy with the beauty.

It was strawberry time, and the grapes were in flower along the brook; and their sweet smell crept under all the odor of roses, and the breath of the ferns, and a hundred scents I did not know. The leaves were so glossy! It was as if all the fairies had been at work. The path was so narrow that the leaves brushed against us on each side. About a mile from town, we met a young colored girl, with a large tray on her head. Her feet were bare, but her dress was as fresh as the grass on which she trod. The tray seemed to be heaped up very high, and there was a snowy napkin spread over it.

"'Give us some berries, Chloe,' said Katie, bringing the horse up to the girl's side.

"'Don't durst to,' said Chloe; 'dere's a plenty up yonder. Ye'll just spoil my sassers.'

"'Very well,' said Katie, 'we're most home; but, Miss Early, just lift the napkin, and look at the tray.'

"It was a pretty sight. Deep, cup-like saucers stood as close together as they could, filled with strawberries. The top of each was sprinkled with white sugar, and a heavy clot of cream lay on it, as stiff as new butter. The saucers were

piled three deep, and the edge of the tray was trimmed with freshly-cut roses.

" 'Mother sells 'em a fipenny-bit a saucer,' said my friend Katie. 'Chloe and James take them down to High Street every morning and night. Everybody likes mother's berries, they are so clean.'

"Katie spoke in a voice of happy pride, and I heard her with pleasure. Just then we turned into a winding path, which led between rose-bushes for more than a quarter of a mile. I cannot describe these roses to you, Patty. There were a great many kinds that I did not know; and they were so full of flowers, and so beautifully trained, that I was continually crying out with wonder and delight. I never saw anything like them afterward; and I never thought of them until I came upon the account of Mr. Carleton's English rose-beds, in the child's story of 'Queechy.' When we had wound through the roses, we came out upon a two-storeyed cottage, built of clay, whitewashed till it was fair as marble, and covered with climbing roses — the spicy clusters of the Baltimore belle dropping all round the doorway where Katie's

mother stood. I saw at a glance that the roof was thatched, and that the windows were closed with latticed shutters of glass that moved on hinges. It was just such a cottage as I had often read of. Mrs. Maynard was a slender, motherly woman. By her side stood Katie's deaf and dumb sister, a little girl of eight. She was very fond of me; and as she had never been taught, she could use only signs of her own. When she wanted to speak of me, she would wave her hand gracefully over her head, in the lines the long braids of my hair made as it lay. We had a queer woman in the school who taught Latin, and moved with a quick jerk. Little Elsie had one sign for her and the lightning!"

"How I wish I could see that cottage!" said Patty.

"I should have taken you there," said her mother, "but my friends left it long ago. There was not a single carpet in the whole house. A few braided mats were laid by the side of the beds. The entry floor was covered with sea-sand; the kitchen was bricked; all the rest of the floors were scrubbed to that fresh, rough whiteness which is prettier than any polish. In

the parlor I found a guitar, a piano, a book-case and sofa, of mahogany, which had been brought from England. There was not another bit of furniture in the house that had not been made out of deal by Mr. Maynard's own hands. This was kept clean by scrubbing, like the floors."

"Did they have enough?" said Patty.

"I have never had a chamber since better furnished than the one in which I slept that night," said her mother. "There was plenty of water provided, fine large towels, and sprigs of lavender were strown upon the home-made linen of the bed. I was never tired of the beautiful flower-garden; but when I found the table set with silver that bore a crest, and opened the books in the parlor, and saw how a coat of arms in each showed that they belonged to a good old family in Boston, England, I felt as if I must know the whole story. They would listen all night to hear me talk of the New Boston in New England."

"But, mamma," said Patty, "how came they to have silver, and books, and a clay cottage, and bare boards? Why didn't they sell the silver, and buy carpets?"

"They had the feeling natural to people of old family," said Mrs. Gray; "they wanted to divide the books and silver among their children some time, to keep them in mind of the old home. One day I asked Mrs. Maynard so many questions that we sat down on the door-stone till she told me the whole story. 'I was only a girl of sixteen,' she said, 'when I lost my father and mother. I had loved Mr. Maynard from a child. He was an orphan also. He had a pretty little property, but nothing to keep it up, and I had not a cent. At last Mr. Maynard said he would come off to the new country, and see what he could do. He would not sell his old home if he could help it; but he would go away and try. He married me the day he left Boston; for my mother's old neighbors said I must not go to him when he sent for me, unless I was his wife. He sailed for Philadelphia in a little trading vessel that plied from Liverpool. He had a bad voyage, and was a long time making his way. All the letters came by the little traders then; and it was more than a year before I heard from him at all. I don't know how it was; but all his letters miscarried,

and it was only a good God that kept the last one safe. That brought me money and help. I was almost broken-hearted when it came; for, beside my waiting, there was a young man living near, who did his best to persuade me that William would never write, and that I must go with him to Canada. I never thought of it even for one minute; but it made me miserable. Well, William's letter came at last, and money and papers in it. I was to sell his father's house, and save the silver, and books, and the furniture of what he called the stone parlor, and take ship, and come after him. We had friends enough in the old town, and I had soon done what he wanted. Then it turned up that a neighbor lad was to sail from Liverpool with his own wife in a few months, and it was thought that I should wait for her. What with one thing and another it was the end of that year before I landed in Philadelphia. William had waited for me as long as he could, but had gone back into the woods, disappointed at last. Nobody knew where he was to be found. His landlady said he only came down once a year. All she knew was, that he was working for old Squire

Vaughan. I had not money or patience to wait a year. I bought a little pony, and started up to the north-west. I stopped at all the post-offices; indeed, now and then, I carried a mail myself, for nothing could be more unsettled than the whole country was. Every now and then I heard something of my husband, but nothing to help. One day my poor pony broke down. He fell and bruised both his knees, so that he could not get up of himself. I sat down by him and cried. Suddenly there came along a gentleman on horseback. He wore a cocked hat and small-clothes, and carried heavy saddle-bags.

“‘What is the matter with thee, lass?’ said he. ‘Oh! sir,’ I said, ‘can you tell me where to find William Maynard?’ Who should it be but old Squire Vaughan himself! We had to leave the pony in the road. He made a pillion of his cloak, and, after two days’ travel, he brought me straight to William. Since then we have had many changes. We lost all our older children from hardships of one sort or another. William has been sick; but he is always looking out to do better, and that don’t

answer. When he lost all he had in the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, I told him I must go to work. We came here, where he had some railroad land, and I showed him how my own father once built a mud cottage. Will was a town lad; but he could do anything, and he and the boys soon made it right. Our furniture had gone, little by little; but the nursery makes up for all. We sell rose trees and fruits, and I send a little to market. Kate will soon be able to help us all.’”

Patty had listened with all her heart.

“Mamma,” she said, “it don’t sound a bit like you. It sounds as if the little English woman were talking. How can you remember, mamma?”

“Patty,” said her mother, “do you think if you had a talk with Christopher Columbus, you would forget what he said to you?”

“No, indeed!” said Patty.

“Well,” said Mrs. Gray, “these people were pioneers in Western Pennsylvania, and old Mr. Vaughan was one of the wealthiest settlers of that State. It seemed to me, then, very much like meeting Christopher Columbus. But run

and get your hat. It is time we were on our way."

As they went down the hill to the Smithsonian, Mrs. Gray turned a little aside to show Patty something in which she took an interest. They passed a small wooden house, with a wide, friendly-looking stoop. On each side the *stoop*, or porch, was a broad seat. A large tub stood on the porch, and on one of the seats were several clean mugs and a plated ladle. The tub looked as if it were filled with soft custard.

"I never thought I should see that again," said Mrs. Gray, surprised.

"What is it, mamma?" said Patty, drawing near, and peering into the tub.

"It is egg-nog," said her mother; "the Christmas holidays are not over. Thirty years ago, all the rich people kept egg-nog and plum-cake standing in their parlors till Twelfth-night was over; and Catholics of the middle class always set out a tub of egg-nog. They had no time nor room for their guests within doors."

"But, mamma," said Patty, "didn't anybody steal it, and didn't the dogs get in?"

"I ought to be able to tell you," said Mrs. Gray, laughing, "but I can't. It stood out, and I think there was generally a child to watch it."

"May we taste?" said Patty.

Mrs. Gray took the ladle, and put about a teaspoonful into a mug. Patty and Willie just touched their lips to it; but it was too strong. It seemed to be full of brandy. A pail of clean water stood near, and Mrs. Gray put the mug into it. "That used to be the rule," said she. When they came back, a few minutes after, they saw a little girl wipe the mug with a clean towel, and set it back on the bench.

Mrs. Gray told Patty that the grounds round the Smithsonian were laid out by Mr. Downing, and that they were of the same size as Boston Common.

The Institute is built of a light-red sandstone, in what is called the Lombard style. It has nine towers, one of them one hundred and fifty feet high. Professor Henry is the secretary of the Institute, and his house is at the eastern end; and, as they walked round it, they saw workmen repairing the great hall in the middle.

"Fire has been busy here, as well as in the

Library," said Mrs. Gray; "but it is to be fire-proof now. Up in the north tower there was a very valuable library stored, Patty. It had been sent here from Beaufort during the war. It was the hot coals that the books made that melted down the wall."

They went first to see Professor Henry, whom Patty had seen before at her father's house in Boston. While they were with him, there seemed to be a stream of people coming and going, most of whom were people of distinction. Patty listened to their talk.

"Is it just so every day?" she asked. "I should like to hear such bright people talk."

"Yes," said the Professor; "it is just so, only a little more so." At that moment the negro servant came in again. An Irish lady of rank had just arrived. She was distinguished as a botanist. Patty looked at her with curiosity, and thought she did not dress very well. She talked very loud.

"Papa," said Patty, "what do you call it *The Smithsonian* for? It is a great Museum— isn't it?"

"It is that, and a great deal more," said her

father. "In 1836, a rich Englishman, named Smithson, died. He left half a million of money to the United States to found an Institution *to increase and spread knowledge among men*. The trustees send out people to make discoveries, and then let them come back here to explain them. They print books, and exchange them with all the libraries of the world. They have a Museum and a lecture-room. They had a library, but that is now added to the one at the Capitol."

"Oh, papa!" said Patty, "it is too much. Dr. Henry must be as tired as can be."

"Dr. Henry has people to help him," said her father; "but we owe a great deal to his care. The money was a very small sum for the work it had to do. Dr. Henry never allowed anybody to touch it. He spent only the income, and has managed so well that, in spite of the fire, it is now richer than ever."

Then papa called Patty into the Museum, to look at a great meteoric stone, in the shape of a huge finger-ring. It is called the *Irwin-Ainsa aerolite*—after the two men who found it in New Mexico, and sent it to the Institute. Patty knew

that an aerolite was a stone falling through the air to the surface of the earth; but she had thought before that all such stones must be very small. Here was a mass of iron that weighed between two and three hundred pounds. Papa showed Patty where a part of it had been used as an anvil—for it once stood near a blacksmith's forge for a long time. It seemed very light; the iron looked as if it were blown into a sort of sponge by the heat; but papa said it was the largest stone of the kind in the world.

Patty knew something about "stone tools;" that is, about hammers, and spears, and scoops of stone, used by the very first people that ever lived; but she did not know what to say when papa showed her the great stone collars from Porto Rico.

"They look like pretty horse-collars, papa," Patty said; but she tried to lift one, and found that it was made of one of the heaviest and hardest stones. Papa said it was serpentine. It was two inches and a half through. Mr. Gray said it must have been worn once as people wear medals and badges now. It was very prettily carved in a sort of scroll-work.

There was a stone altar from one of the Mexican temples (teo-callis).

Patty could hardly bear the pain of looking at it; but papa said she had best. She might some day want to know what it was like.

The top of the altar was hollow, and in the hollow the poor prisoner, who was to be offered to the Sun, lay down his head. Something shaped like a big horseshoe was then put over his head, and the priest ripped open his breast, and tore out his heart.

The great tears rolled down Patty's cheeks as she listened. She never could bear to look at or think of sorrow or pain. She was near-sighted, like her mother; and when she was a very little girl, she said God had made her so on purpose, because He knew that she could not bear the sight of all the hateful things there were in the world.

When they left Professor Henry, they went to see Miss Turner — a lady employed in cataloguing books and writing for the Institute. She has been many years in the Institution, and is very valuable to it. She was a friend of Mrs. Gray, and showed Patty a large volume which

had come from Russia lately, and had not yet been sent to the Capitol. It was a large folio, bigger even than Audubon's birds, published by the Russian government the day it was a thousand years old. It was filled with pictures of the nine races who live in Russia, and of the peasant dresses, prettily colored.

Patty was delighted with this book. She had lately seen Mr. Kapnist, who had come to America because the Emperor of Russia wanted to know about our schools and town governments. He told Patty a great deal about the schools in Russia, and that the government was trying to teach the people, who were too ignorant to know they needed teaching. Mr. Kapnist was a nephew of Derzhaven, the great Russian poet, who wrote the beautiful "Hymn to God" that we all ought to know:—

"Oh! thou eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy! all motion guide."

Altogether Patty thought him a very *romantic* person. He had two uncles who were exiles; but, for all that, Patty found it hard to believe him when he told her that roses, peaches, cherries, and even wheat, grew in Siberia!

She looked at the pictures with pleasure for his sake.

In some of the rooms at the Smithsonian, Patty saw young men painting insects and dead birds. The Museum was very much like all other museums. It had all sorts of things in it, from all countries and peoples; but Patty was quite wise enough to know that she could learn very little about them in one day. She liked to look at the building, because, when uncle Will got home from the cold north, he was going there to live. When the secretary heard her say that, he took her down into the cellar and showed her all the collections which uncle Will had sent home, and which no one was to touch till he came. Little Patty's heart swelled; they had not heard of uncle Will for a year. Sometimes mamma thought they would never hear again. When the secretary saw Patty's tears coming, he gave her a little round Eskimo box, which had once been full of eggs, that uncle Will had sent home. It had opened on the way, and the eggs were spoiled.

Patty thought she should like it very much; but before she got out of the building she had

to beg leave to throw it away. It had a very oily and offensive smell. Mamma asked Miss Turner about the portrait of Columbus and the bust of Jefferson, and found they had been burned, as she thought, in the great fire. Baron Dénon's medals had been much injured; but Miss Turner showed them to Patty in the Museum of the Smithsonian.

CHAPTER XII.

MAMMA'S LETTER.

THE next morning they sat over the breakfast table a good while, telling each other how very pleasant their visit had been. Patty had had but one evening of Washington society; but every night, after she had gone to bed, papa and mamma had enjoyed the talk of the bright people who gathered about the Professor; had seen the strange things they brought from every part of the world; had looked at new pictures, or heard of new discoveries.

"Nowhere else could I lead such a life," said Mrs. Gray; "and, odd as it would sound to all my friends, there is no life that I should enjoy like the life here, if I could always stay with the Professor."

"I don't like the staring," said Patty, with a pout.

"The staring? What, in the street?" said the Professor. "Surely, nobody stares at *you*?"

"Yes, they do," said Patty; "they stare at my hat. Perhaps I ought to have *panniers*; but I didn't mean that. I shall grow up, some time, and then they will stare at me just as they do at the rest."

While they were silent,—no one knowing just what to say to the child,—Patty went on.

"I haven't seen one gentleman since I came here—in the street, I mean. I have met two that I always thought were gentlemen—till I saw them here."

"Take care, Patty!" said her mother.

The child's cheeks were crimson; but she said, "It is true, mamma; they would never dare to behave at home as they do here."

"You have found us out," said the Professor. "This is a place where there is no public opinion."

Nobody could jest about it, Patty seemed so troubled. It was clear that she had seen something she would not tell.

To change the talk, the Professor's wife said, "Sophie, you used to go to parties here?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Gray, "and enjoyed them, too; but only for a very little while."

"Oh, mamma!" cried Patty; "tell us about the calico dress."

"Must I tell that story now?" said mamma.

"Oh, yes," said the Professor. "It is just the time; nobody is in a hurry. Draw up the blinds, and let the sun come in."

"Patty," said her mother, "I told you, the other day, that when I first came to Georgetown, I was in deep mourning. Beside the death of my dear brother, I had other things to make me sad, and I thought little about the company that I should see.

"Grandfather Early knew very well that Mr. Webster, who was then Secretary of State, would be sure to draw me into company, if he could, and he brought me a casket of old family diamonds, which I had never worn in my life, and said, 'You had better take them with you. Perhaps some night they will help you out of a scrape.' I took the diamonds; but I hardly heard what he said, I cared so little.

"It was just as grandpapa thought. I was drawn into all the company that I could meet

in deep mourning, and I soon tired of it. All my dresses grew shabby, as the warm weather drew near; but I did not mind; I had no time to sew, and I was soon going home.

"At that time a dear friend of mine — a gentleman who kept a boys' school in the city, and who was afterwards private secretary to Daniel Webster — came to me, and said, —

"'Begin to get ready for the May ball.'

"'I am not going to the May ball,' I said; and I thought I spoke the truth. ,

"'Indeed you are,' said he. 'It is not a thing to miss. It has been celebrated these fifty years. It is a child's ball. They have ten thousand wax candles. Canterbury Hall will be all aflame. The President goes; and the King and Queen sit in chairs of state that come from the White House.'

"I did not relent.

"'Nonsense,' said my friend. 'I have bought you a ticket, and paid ten dollars for it. Am I the man to throw away my money?'

"Now, I knew very well that my friend did not care for his money; but during my long sickness, he had waded through that terrible

Rock Creek more than once on my account; and, if he had taken this notion into his head, I did not want to disappoint him.

" 'I can't go, unless I go in a calico dress,' I said, laughing.

" 'Go, and welcome!' he cried, savagely.

" 'Are you in earnest?' I asked; for, at that minute, a merry thought danced through my brain.

" 'Who cares what you wear?' he said, and threw back the words from the door-step as he left.

" I went home. Just before I left Boston, grandpapa Early had put a piece of French cambric into my trunk. He had been to an auction, and bought two or three hundred yards, at twelve cents a yard, which he thought would do for school dresses for his six little girls.

" He bought me a piece of dark but bright blue cambric, beautifully shaded in palm leaves with black and white. 'I should think,' said he, 'that that would make you a good wrapper, when you are going out of mourning. It rattles now, but that will soon blow out.'

" I took it, just as I took the diamonds, without thinking much about it.

"The morning after the talk about the May ball, I took my cambric out of the trunk. *Foulard* silks were fashionable in Washington that winter."

"Mamma," interrupted Patty, "what does *foulard* mean? I hear people say it so often."

"I wish I knew," said Mrs. Gray; "but I believe the word comes from the French word *fouler*, — to crowd, or to *full*, — when it is used about a web of cloth. The first *foulards*, or fulled silks, came from India, and I do not believe they were silk any more than the French are now. I think they are cotton, dressed or *fulled* in some strange way, that makes it stiff and glossy. The French *foulards* are made of the Sea Island cotton. But whatever they are, they are soft and pleasant wear.

"The *foulard* silks of that winter were painted in a shimmery sort of way, and the light ones were worn a good deal as evening dresses. I looked at my cambric; it was in the same style, and prettier than any I had seen. So I took it down to my dress-maker. She lived just below Lieutenant Gilliss's house, which I showed you, Patty, on the hill. She was the pretty colored

girl I told you about once, who carried all her wages to Judge A. every Saturday night. I told her what I was going to do, and she entered into the joke. I told her she must come over to the Pensionnât, and dress me, and she promised."

"Oh! mamma," said Patty, "how could you trust her?"

"My dear Patty," said her mother, looking up in surprise, "do you suppose I was ashamed of my joke?"

Patty hung her head a little, and mamma went on. "The dress came home in time. There was not a wrinkle on its glossy folds, and it was made as carefully as if it were the richest silk. I spent the afternoon in trimming the neck and sleeves with a deep fall of delicate lace that was almost as old as my diamonds; and then I thought of them. 'In for a penny, in for a pound,' I said to myself, and opened the casket.

"They did not look so very much out of place, after all. They were Peruvian, of a deep and curious steel-color, and very large; but their chief value was in their age. I took the drops out of four pairs of earrings — long, pear-shaped

crystals, and festooned the lace I had sewed in. I sewed a diamond in wherever I gathered up the lace. Tina, the dress-maker, was very much delighted, and Drusilla, who stood by with the pin-cushion, declared, —

“‘Miss Early neber look so well.’

“When I looked in the glass, I thought so too; for the deep blue and delicate lace just suited my pale skin and yellow hair.”

“Yellow hair!” said Patty, indignantly.

“No matter, Patty,” said the Professor’s wife; “you and I have seen it;” and Patty nodded her little head.

“By and by my friend came. He wanted to see my dress; but I had no mind that he should. ‘Don’t I always dress well?’ said I, merrily; and he bowed. I went to the dressing-room, and took off my wraps. When I came back, he made up a wry face, and said, ‘How can you tell such fibs?’ Nothing more; only, as we rattled into the crowd, this one question, —

“‘Did she put in extra creak-leather — that dress-maker of yours?’

“I had no mind to tell him then. The ball was so pretty I soon forgot all about my dress. The

thousands of candles made the hall beautiful in a way that gas can never come near. The little King and Queen, in lovely wreaths of fresh flowers, stood on the dais, with pages and maids of honor, flower-trimmed also. To their feet the Hours, the Days, and the Months brought their tributes, or rather little children dressed in these characters. Now and then the King and Queen made a royal progress round the hall, and little Cupids, with silver wings, went before them, and scattered flowers; so we really danced on roses before the night was over."

"Oh! mamma," said Patty, "how charming it must have been! Were the children all pretty?"

"They all looked pretty," said Mrs. Gray; "for money and taste had not been spared."

"I call that the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out," said the Professor at last.

"So do I," said Mr. Gray. "Patty, mamma has not told you; but do you know that perhaps I should never have seen her if it had not been for that calico dress?"

"Why, papa!" said Willie and Patty, in a breath; for certainly it had been ordained in

the beginning that papa and mamma should meet.

"This was the way," said Mr. Gray. "I was standing with Mrs. Colonel Brent, and she said, 'I never thought Miss Early pretty; but she shines to-night. What has she got on?'"

"'Diamonds,' said one lady; 'she ought to shine.'

"'Oh!' said Mrs. Brent, 'diamonds are common enough; but the dress. Tell me, somebody, quick, what is it?'"

"The ladies crowded round. One said, '*foulard*.' The rest insisted it was not. At all events, it was new, overpowering, and the lace was a mere web.

"'Here, Charles Gray,' said Mrs. Brent, 'get Judge Abbott to introduce you to that young lady. Ask her to dance. You know a silk when you see it.'

"But I didn't. I went away, and danced with Miss Early; but I had not the least idea what she wore."

"This is all nonsense," said Mrs. Gray, pleasantly; "the funny part is to come. I went home to Capitol Hill, for May Day brought vacation. Margie was in a great frolic.

“‘Now you will have to tell some fibs, stiff as you think yourself,’ said she. ‘Your dress was the great success of the ball; and after this you can’t talk about calico.’ To tell the truth, Patty, I was in great trouble. I had never thought of deceiving anybody. I did not think anybody would look at my dress; and now, if I told, I should be the town’s talk. We were late at breakfast the next morning, and before we rose from table I had three notes. The lady hated to trouble me; but would I tell her, Mrs. Colonel Brent, among the rest, where she could buy a silk *a little like* the one I had worn the night before?”

“Oh! mamma,” said Patty, “what did you do?”

“I told them the truth, Patty, but not all the truth. ‘The material had been bought in Boston by auction, and I did not know where it came from.’ But, Patty, don’t play practical jokes. I never wore my pretty dress again, and I was always afraid I should see the story in the newspaper.”

“It made her sick,” said Mr. Gray; “she didn’t get over it till she was married; but,

Patty, several of her own scholars saw her dance that night, and did not guess who she was !”

Then the pleasant breakfast party broke up.

Patty went down into the kitchen to see how Baltimore biscuits were made. In one corner of the kitchen was a great wooden block, like a butcher's, except that it was snowy white. A snowy wooden mallet lay on it, and here old Dinah spent two or three hours, every day, beating the flour and water, that must be “mighty fine.”

“You will always find that block in a Virginia kitchen,” said Mrs. Gray; “but I don't know how much farther the fashion has gone. Flour, butter, and water, beaten in this way, make Baltimore biscuits.”

Patty and her mother were not going out to-day. Papa had some engagements down town, and they staid at home, that he might find them whenever he wished, for he was going back to Baltimore in the afternoon. So they sat with the Professor, and talked about Alexander Dallas Bache, the Superintendent of the Coast Survey, who had just died.

Fairman Rogers told them this pretty story :—

“Bache, whom everybody seemed to love, had been busy for five years over some curious experiments on radiant heat.”

“What is radiant heat?” said Patty, who cared about Mr. Bache because Professor Henry loved him.

“Heat that can be felt,” said Mrs. Gray. “There is another sort—latent heat—that is, heat in prison; you cannot feel it till it is set free.”

Then the story went on :—

“One day he went out, having left all his delicate instruments on a little frame in his study. They were very costly, and he had spent months in making them. Very soon he hoped to finish the work he was doing with them. That day his mother went through his study. The skirt of her dress caught in the frame, and brought it all to the ground. His wife had to tell him, for his dear mother did not dare. He stood for a moment as if stunned, went out into the air to get his breath, and came back, in five minutes, serene and sweet. He never spoke of it again, only to a friend he said, —

"'For *five minutes* I did not love my mother!'"

"Patty," said her mother, "those experiments in heat would have helped the world to 'get on,' if they had been finished."

"Why didn't God let them *be* finished?" asked the little girl, her eyes full of tears.

"There is another sort of 'getting on,' said Mrs. Gray. "You know we talked of it the other day. Did that self-control bless no one? You and I might never have heard about the heat, but we are happier for that sweet silence to-day."

Just at this moment papa came in. Then there had to be luncheon, and packing, and Patty shed some hot tears; for although Mr. Gray had been a great traveller once, Patty could hardly remember being parted from him, and even Mrs. Gray felt a little restless when she thought how long it would be before she should see baby.

"Papa!" said Patty, a little anxiously, as she trotted by his side to the depot, "have I seen everything there is in Washington?"

"My dear little daughter!" said Mr. Gray, "why, you couldn't see everything if you staid

here six months; and if you staid twenty-four hours after you had seen everything, there would be something more to see!"

"I thought I was going to," said Patty, disappointed.

"Everything that a little girl can in four or five days," said her father; and then he stopped quickly, and gave Mrs. Gray something out of his pocket.

"My dear Sophie!" said he, "you must forgive me, but there is a letter from Baltimore that I got last night!"

Mrs. Gray took it, the last kisses were given, and mamma and Patty walked up the hill again.

This was aunt Etta's letter:—

DEAR SOPHIE: It seems very foolish to *write*, for baby is well, and except in one or two little things, we go on as usual. I fancy Mamie's cheeks are a little redder already, and the painters and carpenters are busy at Spring Vale. When is Charles coming back to look after them? Oh, that makes me think. You know I have slept at Spring Vale since you went away. The other night there was the strangest

rustling and groaning in the attic, and nobody could go to sleep. I bore it a while, and at last I got the lantern and went up. I found it full of noise, but nothing seemed much amiss. A small window had been left open, and the wind was making itself busy; but just as I came away, I stumbled over something all frayed to fitters in the middle of the hall. What do you suppose it was? Nothing but that old oil portrait of Charles. It was not even cut out of its frame, but had been stripped up where it stood. Who do you think could have done it? Nobody cares for the picture, but who could have taken all that pains? Moggie declares it was Patty. She says she picked up her broken scissors on the floor; but I don't believe the child *could* do it; and why should she want to?

Tell Patty that Margaret's baby is sick with measles. Right in the midst of it, an officer came out from town, and carried away "Blunt." The woman she used to live with swears she is only twelve years old; so I am afraid Maggie will never get her again.

Hoping we shall see Charles soon,

I am your affectionate

SISTER.

Mrs. Gray read this letter to herself, looking very sober. Then she read it again to Patty. At any other time Patty would have been very much grieved about Blunt. Now, I am afraid she hardly heard her aunt Etta's message.

I am not going to tell you what happened between mamma and Patty. A little girl's secrets should be safe with her mother. There was no need to punish Patty. Do you think she dreamed of the medicine man that night? Her last words, before she sobbed herself to sleep, were, —

“Oh! God was so good not to let that letter come the first day. I didn't deserve it, but if it had come then, I shouldn't have seen anything — never — never!”

